

BLUE RIBBON

COMICS

ACTION! MYSTERY! THRILLS!



JAN.

10¢

NO. 3

SENSATIONAL
FEATURE!
CORPORAL
COLLINS

INFANTRY-
MAN

RANG-A-TANG

"THE WONDER DOG!"

also **SCOOP CODY**
DEVILS OF THE DEEP
and many others

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BY
JACK
BINDER
AND
WILL HARR

RANG-A-TANG

The WONDER DOG

HARDLY EVER IN HISTORY HAS SUCH FAITH EXISTED BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST AS THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP WHICH TIES RANG-A-TANG TO HY SPEED, THE ACE DETECTIVE. SIDE BY SIDE THE TWO FIGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER. WITH HIS SUPER-KEEN EYES, SENSITIVE EARS, UNERRING SENSE OF SMELL AND EXTRAORDINARY AGILITY, THE WONDER DOG MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR HIS INABILITY TO SPEAK. IN THIS EPISODE, RANG AND SPEED MATCH WITS WITH THE GANGSTERS.

IN NEW YORK CITY-A DARING DAY LIGHT ROBBERY IS BEING COMMITTED.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK



STRIKING WITH SUCH SUDDENNESS, THE BANDITS MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE.



WHAT! THE FIRST NATIONAL?-BE RIGHT OVER!



COME ON, RANG!
THERE'S WORK TO DO!



THERE WERE FIVE OF 'EM--WENT EAST IN A GREEN SEDAN!



WHILE THE MEN TALK, RANG-A-TANG'S KEEN EYES ARE BUSY.



RANG DASHES TO THE CURB AND PICKS UP A HAT. SPEED REALIZES THE VALUE OF THE CLUE.



SO-ONE OF THE BANDITS LOST HIS HAT-EH, RANG?



O.K. RANG—LET'S GO!



ACTING ON THE POLICEMAN'S INFORMATION, SPEED HOPS INTO HIS CAR AND HEADS EAST.

THEY MUST HAVE GONE RIGHT PAST SALLY'S LUNCHROOM--WE'LL STOP THERE!



MY STOPS AT HIS GIRL FRIEND'S LUNCHEONETTE, HOPING THAT SHE MAY HAVE SEEN THE BANDITS.



SALLY!—SHE'S GONE! MUST HAVE TAKEN HER AS HOSTAGE!



RANG-A-TANG HUNTS AMONG THE DEBRIS, LOOKING FOR A CLUE. FINALLY, THE WONDER DOG RECOGNIZES THE SCENT OF THE BANK BANDIT WHO LOST THE HAT, PROVING THAT THE SAME GANG HAD BEEN AT THE LUNCH-ROOM.



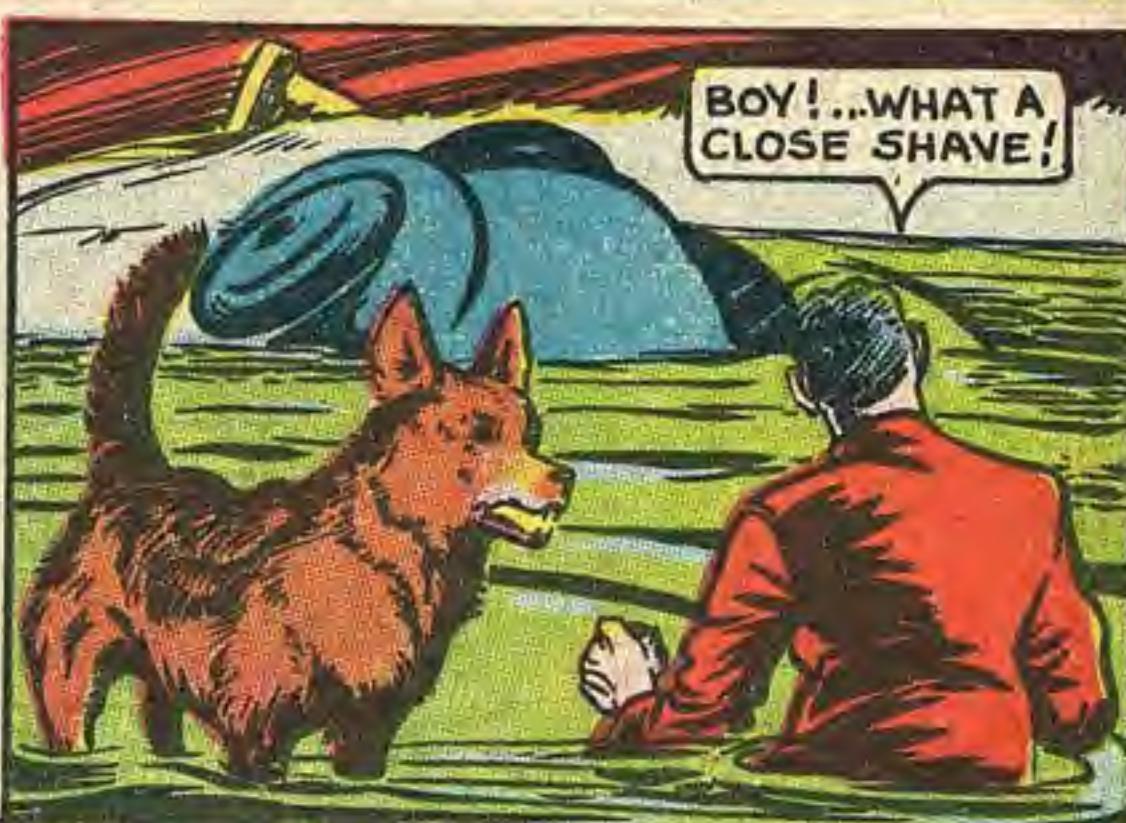
SPEED INTERPRETS RANG'S ACTIONS. THEY RUSH OFF, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE GANGSTERS.







WHILE DUCKING THE GANGSTER'S BULLETS, HY'S CAR SPEEDS OUT OF CONTROL...





SPEED, NOT WISHING TO EXPOSE RANG-A-TANG TO DANGER, ORDERS THE FAITHFUL DOG TO REMAIN OUT OF SIGHT...OUT OF THE RANGE OF BULLETS.



HY IS TAKEN TO THE ROOM WHERE SALLY IS TIED!

SALLY..!

OH.... HY!

THIS HIDE-OUT AIN'T SAFE ANY MORE, LET'S BLOW UP THE JOINT!

YEAH! AN' THEM, TOO, THEN THEY CAN'T IDENTIFY US!

TO BLOW UP THE HIDE-OUT, ONE OF THE GANG MAKES A BOMB AND PLACES IT BETWEEN THE TWO

NOW WE'LL LEAVE YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS ALONE. WE'RE LEAVIN'!

WHY, YOU DIRTY RATS!

HAVING TIED HY SPEED TO A CHAIR NEAR SALLY'S, THE CHIEF DECIDES ON A PLAN...

CAPTIVES, AND LIGHTS THE FUSE. AFTER THE GANG LEAVES, HY WHISTLES FOR THE FAITHFUL WONDER DOG, RANG-A-TANG.

RANG-A-TANG, HEARING HIS MASTER'S CALL, DASHES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND CIRCLES THE HOUSE IN AN EFFORT TO LOCATE HY SPEED. SCENTING HIS MASTER ON THE SECOND FLOOR, THE WONDER DOG MAKES A TREMENDOUS LEAP.

WITH THE FORCE OF A BULLET RANG BREAKS THROUGH THE WINDOW!



THE WONDER DOG NIMBLY LANDS INSIDE THE ROOM WHERE SPEED AND SALLY ARE HELD CAPTIVE.



HURRY RANG, THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!



RANG TAKES IN THE SITUATION AT ONCE, HE DASHES FOR THE DYNAMITE...



..PICKS UP THE DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVE IN HIS TEETH.



SPEED ORDERS THE WONDER DOG TO PLANT THE BOMB IN THE GANGSTERS' BOAT, THUS PREVENTING THEIR ESCAPE. RANG STARTS ON HIS DANGEROUS MISSION.

WITH THE SPUTTERING BOMB HELD TIGHTLY
IN HIS MOUTH, THE WONDER DOG CARRIES OUT
THE COMMANDS OF HIS MASTER. HE BRACES
HIMSELF, THEN LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW,
HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES PROJECT HIM
THROUGH THE AIR WITH TERRIFIC FORCE!



RANG-A-TANG RACES TO THE DOCK AND SETS THE BOMB IN THE MOTOR BOAT.



THE GANGSTERS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE. THE BOMB EXPLODES BEFORE THEIR EYES. THE CONCUSSION PARALYZES THEM.



THE WONDER DOG RETURNS TO FREE HIS MASTER.



THERE'S NO WAY TO LEAVE THE ISLAND, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET HELP. RANG, TAKE THIS NOTE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



WITHOUT HESITATION, THE FAITHFUL DOG IS ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER THE MESSAGE.



BACK ON THE ISLAND, THE GANGSTERS ARE STILL DAZED.



BUT THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.



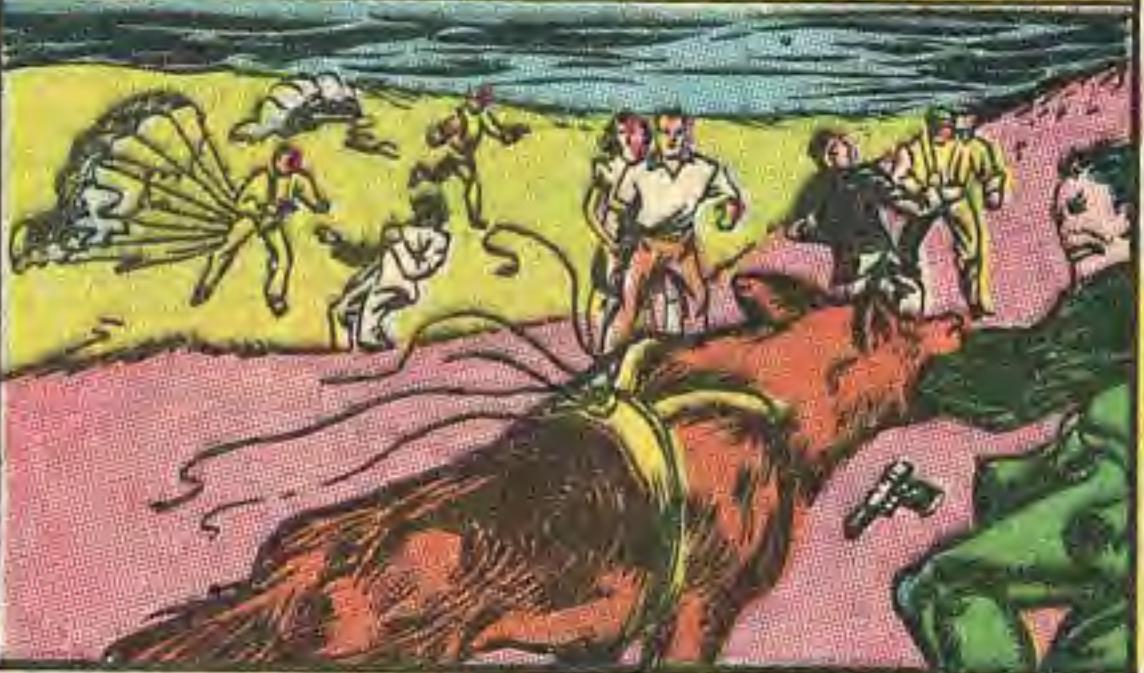
ONE BY ONE THE GANGSTERS RISE AND PITCH INTO THE BATTLE, SPEED AND SALLY ARE OUTNUMBERED.



BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT, A POLICE PLANE APPEARS OVERHEAD, UNABLE TO LAND ON THE ISLAND, RANG AND THE COPS RESORT TO PARACHUTES. RANG LEAPS OUT INTO SPACE AND PULLS THE RIPCORD, RELEASING HIS OWN 'CHUTE!



AS THE POLICE BATTLE THE THUGS, THE GANGSTER CHIEF TRIES TO SHOOT SPEED, BUT RANG GRABS HIS ARM.



THOROUGHLY SUBDUED, THE BANDITS ARE HANDCUFFED. THEY ARE LINED UP, AWAITING THE POLICE BOAT.



GREAT JOB,
SPEED!

RANG-A-TANG
DESERVES ALL
THE CREDIT, CAPTAIN!



...AND SO THROUGH
THE COURAGE,
STRENGTH AND
INTELLIGENCE OF
RANG-A-TANG, THE
BANK BANDITS ARE
BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.
WATCH FOR ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE
FEATURING THE
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
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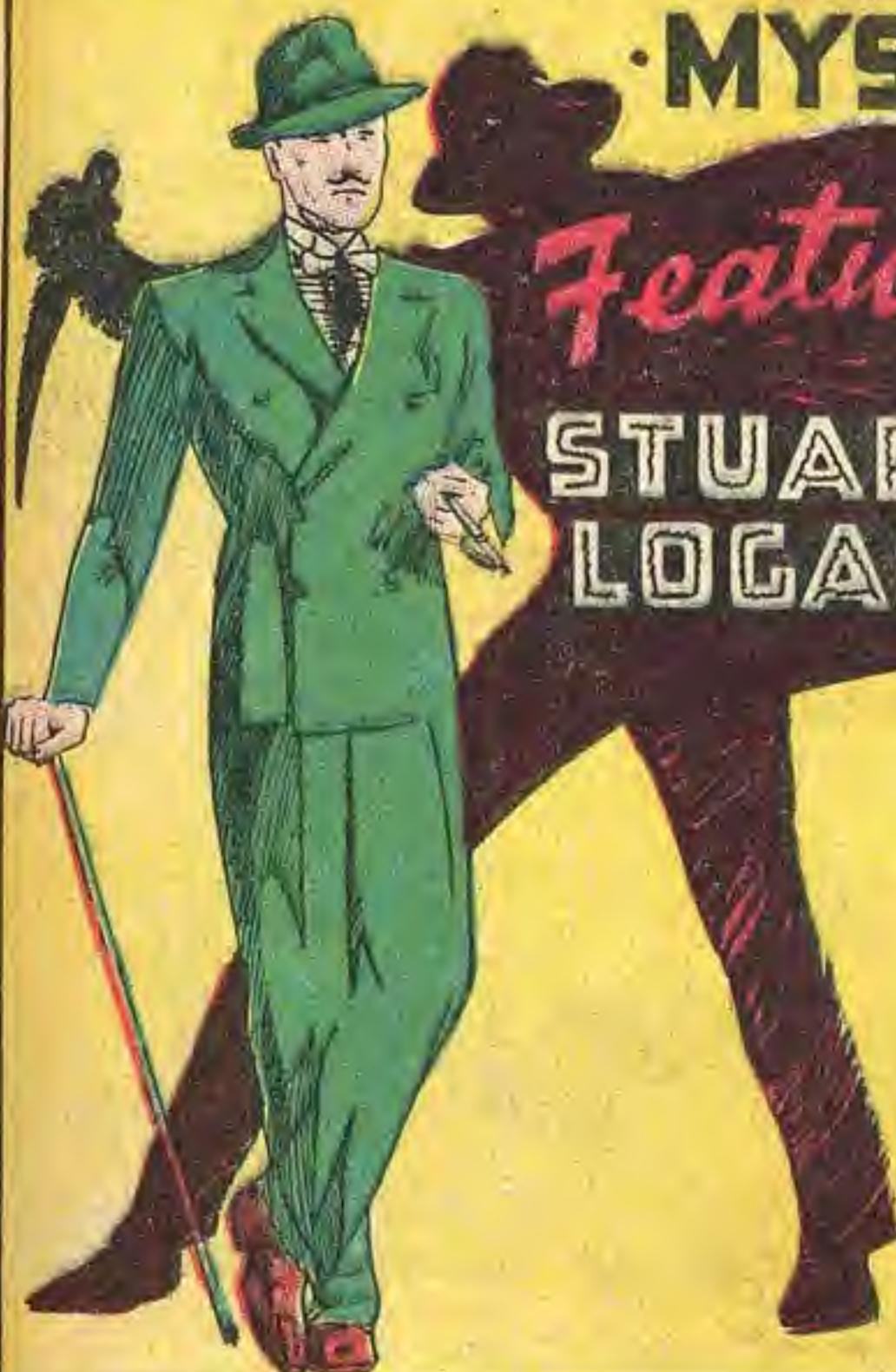


MYSTERY *THRILLER* OF THE MONTH.

Featuring

STUART LOGAN

STUART LOGAN - SOCIETY DETECTIVE - IS A WEALTHY, NONCHALANT BUT INTENSELY BRILLIANT AMATEUR SLEUTH. WHEN A CASE TURNS UP WHICH IS TOO DEEP FOR THE LOCAL POLICE, DISTRICT ATTORNEY GEORGE MARKWELL USUALLY ENLISTS THE AID OF THE SOCIETY DETECTIVE.



NIGHT HAS FALLEN, WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS AT THE HOME OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY GEORGE MARKWELL.



AND OVER THE WIRE COMES THE EXCITED VOICE OF PARKINS, BLYTHE LORRAINE'S BUTLER.



DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARKWELL NOTIFIES THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, AND THEN...



CALLS IN A FRIEND, STUART LOGAN, THE SOCIETY DETECTIVE.



THE TWO INVESTIGATORS MEET AT THE DOOR OF BLYTHE LORRAINE'S TWO FLOOR APARTMENT.

PARKINS, THE BUTLER, EXPLAINS.

SEE, GENTLEMEN-
HE MUST HAVE DIED
INSTANTLY. HE'S
DESMOND SKAGG,
THE POLITICAL BOSS.

THIS SWORD WENT CLEAR
THROUGH HIM-FLESH AND
BONES BOTH.

A POWERFUL
BLOW, EH? WHO
ELSE WAS HERE?

MYSELF AND MR. SALUSTA.
HE AND MR. DESMOND
WERE HERE TO HAVE
DINNER.

YES-AND BLYTHE
WAS THE ONE WHO
FOUND MR. SKAGG
DEAD.

ALL DOORS LOCKED INSIDE-
THESE WINDOWS LOOK OUT ON
A SIX-STORY DROP-IT WAS AN
INSIDE JOB.

IT WASN'T I, SERGEANT,
AND SURELY NOT
BLYTHE.

BLYTHE LORRAINE
AND HER GENTLE-
MAN FRIEND
ENTER...

SERGEANT KEITH MAKES A THOROUGH TOUR
THROUGH THE APARTMENT. MR. SALUSTA
IS WITH HIM.

IT HUNG HERE ON THE WALL, EH?
DUST INSIDE-THE BLADE MUST
HAVE BEEN REMOVED HOURS AGO.

NONE OF US
NOTICED.

SERGEANT KEITH
QUESTIONS THE
BUTLER.

FIRST OFF, WERE YOU
THREE THE ONLY ONES
PRESENT?

YES SIR. MR.
SKAGG HAD
A BIT OF A
HEADACHE.

LOGAN CHECKS ON THE SHEATH OF THE
MURDER WEAPON.

THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER-
HE SAT IN HERE FOR A
REST. WHEN I WENT TO
CALL HIM FOR DINNER,
HE WAS DEAD.

YOU WERE ENGAGED
TO MARRY SKAGG-
BUT YOU KIND OF
LIKE MR. SALUSTA
HERE, HUH?



CARLO SALUSTA TAKES OFFENSE AT KEITH'S REMARK AND STARTS FORWARD, FISTS CLENCHED. BUT THE TOUGH SERGEANT PUSHES HIM, SENDING SALUSTA REELING INTO A CHAIR.



MEANWHILE, STUART LOGAN HAS BEEN GOING THROUGH THE CONTENTS OF A DESK IN A ROOM. HE HAS DISCOVERED A PAPER.



PARKINS FURIOUSLY MAKES AN ACCUSATION IN REPLY!



STAGGERING BACKWARD THE MADDENED SALUSTA CLUTCHES THE MURDER WEAPON WHICH SERGEANT KEITH HAD PLACED ON A TABLE.



COME ON, YOU COWARD!



FOR A MOMENT, THINGS LOOKED DESPERATE AS SALUSTA RUSHED TOWARD PARKIN - SWORD IN HAND.

BUT BEFORE THE INFURIATED SALUSTA COULD DO ANY DAMAGE, STUART LOGAN HAD LEAPED FORWARD AND GRABBED HIM IN A VICE-LIKE ARMLOCK. SERGEANT KEITH, MOVING RAPIDLY DESPITE HIS HUGE BULK, HAD MEANWHILE SUBDUED PARKINS.



ANYBODY EXCEPT MISS BLYTHE COULD HANDLE IT.

THANK YOU, SERGEANT - YOU'RE SWEET.

NOBODY EVER SAID THAT TO ME BEFORE.

NEVER MIND THE GALLANTRY, SERGEANT. ARE YOU STILL SURE THAT SALUSTA IS GUILTY?

HAVING SEPARATED PARKINS AND SALUSTA -

THE ROUTINE INVESTIGATION PROCEEDS.

SURE ENOUGH TO ARREST HIM. I'M GOING TO CALL THE WAGON!



LOOK SERGEANT! THESE BLOOD STAINS LEAD FROM THE BACK - NOT THE FRONT - OF THIS CHAIR, TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. HE COULDN'T HAVE STAGGERED TO THE CHAIR AFTER HE WAS STABBED OR THE TRAIL WOULD LEAD TO THE FRONT.



BUT STUART LOGAN'S KEEN EYES DETECTS A VITAL CLUE.

ANYWAY,
HE WAS
STABBED
RIGHT
HERE,
LOGAN.

RIGHT SERGEANT
-JUST BENEATH
THIS ROUND
PLATE IN THE
CEILING.

THAT PLATE WAS
FASTENED WITH
TWO SCREWS-
OVER A HOLE
WHERE A LIGHT
FIXTURE USED TO BE.

LOGAN'S ATTENTION IS
SUDDENLY ATTRACTED
UPWARD.

STUART LOGAN, PUSHING THE
PLATE WITH HIS CANE, DISCLOSES
THAT ONLY ONE SCREW IS IN PLACE-
AND THAT THE PLATE CAN BE MOVED
FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

REALIZING THE
IMPORTANCE
OF THIS
DISCOVERY,
THE SOCIETY
DETECTIVE
RUSHES FROM
THE ROOM
AND STARTS
TO ASCEND
THE STAIR-
CASE TO
BLYTHE
LORRAINE'S
ROOM.
BLYTHE RUNS
FORWARD
TO HALT
HIM.

OH, THEN YOU
ADMIT IT
WITHOUT MY
SEARCH?

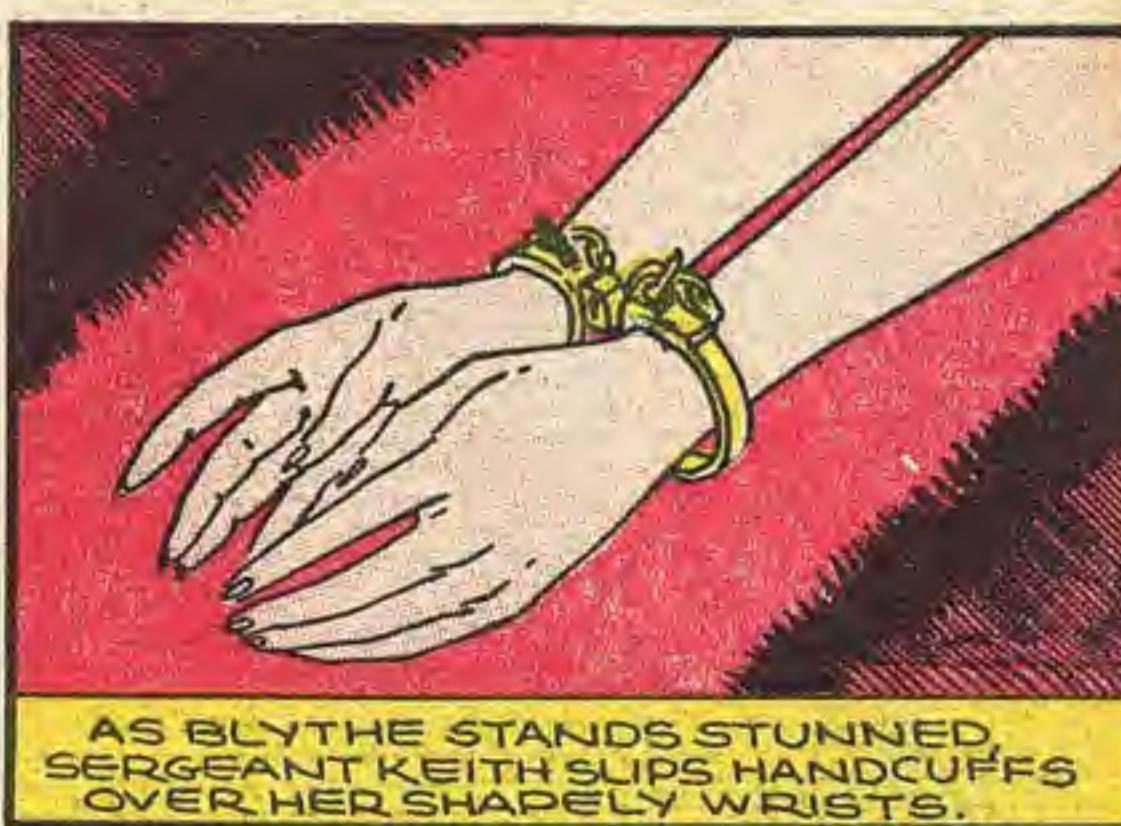
ADMIT-
WHAT?

THE DETECTIVE RETURNS
TO THE OTHERS WITH MISS
LORRAINE AND EXPLAINS
HIS CONCLUSIONS.

THIS LADY MUST HAVE WANTED TO KILL HER
FIANCÉ FOR THE MONEY HE WOULD LEAVE.
SHE PLANNED IT WELL. WHEN HIS HEAD-
ACHE CAME ON, SHE PUT HIM IN THE
CHAIR IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM...

...THEN UPSTAIRS, SHE
PULLED A LOOSE BOARD
SHIFTED THE CEILING
PLATE-DROPPED THE
SWORD-AND SKAGG
WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!

...SHE CAME DOWN
AND PUSHED THE
CHAIR FORWARD,
SO AS TO TAKE THE
CEILING PLATE
OUT OF THE
RECKONING.



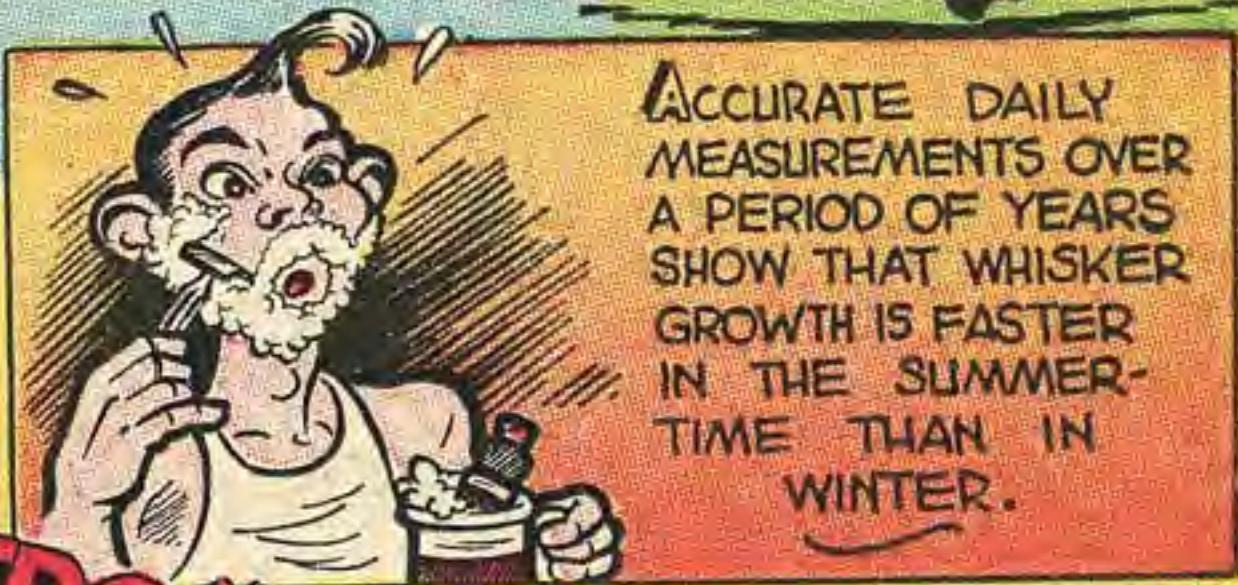
STRANGE but TRUE



"LARRY" KELLY,
FORMER YALE CAPTAIN
AND ALL-AMERICA END,
RECENTLY STARTLED THE
SPORTS WORLD WITH THE
STATEMENT, "COACHES
ARE MORE INTERESTED IN
WINNING THAN IN SAFE-
GUARDING THEIR BOYS!"



IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR, THE
NEWSPAPERS BOUGHT BY AMER-
ICANS WEIGH 57 LBS. PER CAPITA.



MARVEL OF THE MACHINE AGE!

WESTINGHOUSE'S 260 POUND ROBOT AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, WHO PERFORMS 36 TRICKS - HE WALKS, TALKS, SMOKES, SINGS, DISTINGUISHES COLORS AND KNOWS HIS ARITHMETIC - ELEKTRO'S ANATOMY CONSISTS OF 900 MECHANICAL PARTS, WHILE 11 MOTORS GIVE HIM HIS ENERGY.

ASK IT CORNER!

RIGHTER WRONG?

'AFTER A GOOD
NIGHT'S SLEEP
YOU ARE SLIGHTLY
TALLER THAN BEFORE!'



ANSWER:—

AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, BOTH CHILDREN AND ADULTS ARE SLIGHTLY TALLER THAN WHEN THEY WENT TO BED — STATEMENT IS TRUE!!!

THE SILVER FOX

CRIM
DETEC

THE ACE DETECTIVE, KNOWN AS THE SILVER FOX BECAUSE OF A STREAK OF WHITE HAIR DOWN THE CENTER OF HIS HEAD, DECIDES THAT BASTON'S DEATH WAS NOT SUICIDE - BUT MURDER! HOWEVER, THE FOX MUST PROVE HIS POINT IN ORDER TO CONVICT THE MURDERER.

MR. BASTON IS FOUND DEAD IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE SALOON HE OWNED JOINTLY WITH MR. RIGGS. THE SILVER FOX ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.



YOU SAY HE THREATENED SUICIDE?

YES, HE HAD BEEN DOWN IN SPIRIT FOR SOME TIME!

THE SILVER FOX QUESTIONS RIGGS, BASTON'S PARTNER...

...AND BASTON'S GIRL FRIEND.

YES, WE WERE ENGAGED. I COULD NEVER FIGURE WHY HE WAS SO DESPONDENT!

H'MM!



IT'S SUICIDE, ALL RIGHT! I'LL TAKE THE GUN ALONG, THOUGH. WE'LL MARK THE CASE CLOSED!



DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING TILL THE CORONER COMES. ROUTINE, YOU KNOW!



H'MM... A NEW TRUNK. SOMEONE IS CONTEMPLATING A TRIP!



THE SILVER FOX DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE ON THE SLY.

IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT MR BASTON. HE WAS SO NICE TO US KIDS! HE ALWAYS PLAYED WITH US!

IN THE STREET THE FOX ENCOUNTERS A BOY AND A GIRL

ONLY THIS AFTERNOON HE PLAYED WITH THEM FOR HOURS - LAUGHING - AND HE WAS SO JOLLY - TOO BAD!

THE SILVER FOX INQUIRES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

THE SILVER FOX RUSHES TO HEADQUARTERS

FUNNY WAY FOR A DESPONDENT MAN TO ACT

GET ME A PICTURE OF THE FLOOR OF THE BACK ROOM I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN THERE!

JOE, SEE IF THERE ARE ANY FINGERPRINTS ON THIS GUN!

SURE THING, FOX!

IN THE POLICE LABORATORY

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

OH, JUST A MATTER OF RECORD! NOTHING IMPORTANT!

THEN BACK TO THE SCENE

SAY, THAT'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF A VASE I HAVE HOME! WANT TO SELL IT?

TO GET RIGGS' FINGERPRINTS, THE SILVER FOX RESORTS TO A RUSE

HERE, TAKE IT WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU THANKS MR RIGGS

WELL, WHAT'S IT
LOOK LIKE, FOX?

JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

BACK IN THE LABORATORY.

HERE ARE THE MARKS
SHOWING THE BODY
HAD BEEN DRAGGED
TO THE TABLE!

THE SILVER FOX EXAMINES THE PRINT OF THE FLOOR.

HERE ARE THE PRINTS
TAKEN FROM THE VASE
-AND FROM THE GUN!

NOW TO SEE IF THEY
MATCH- AND I'M
SURE THEY WILL!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THE FINGERPRINTS ON
THE GUN AND VASE
MATCH PERFECTLY!-
NOW TO FIND THE MOTIVE
FOR THE KILLING!



RETURNING TO BASTON'S SALOON, THE SILVER
FOX OVERHEARS...

IF YOU'LL SIGN THE
PAPER WE CAN
COMPLETE THE DEAL!

THERE IT IS!
\$10,000. IN
FULL!

THE BUSINESS
IS YOURS!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET
OUT OF THIS TOWN!

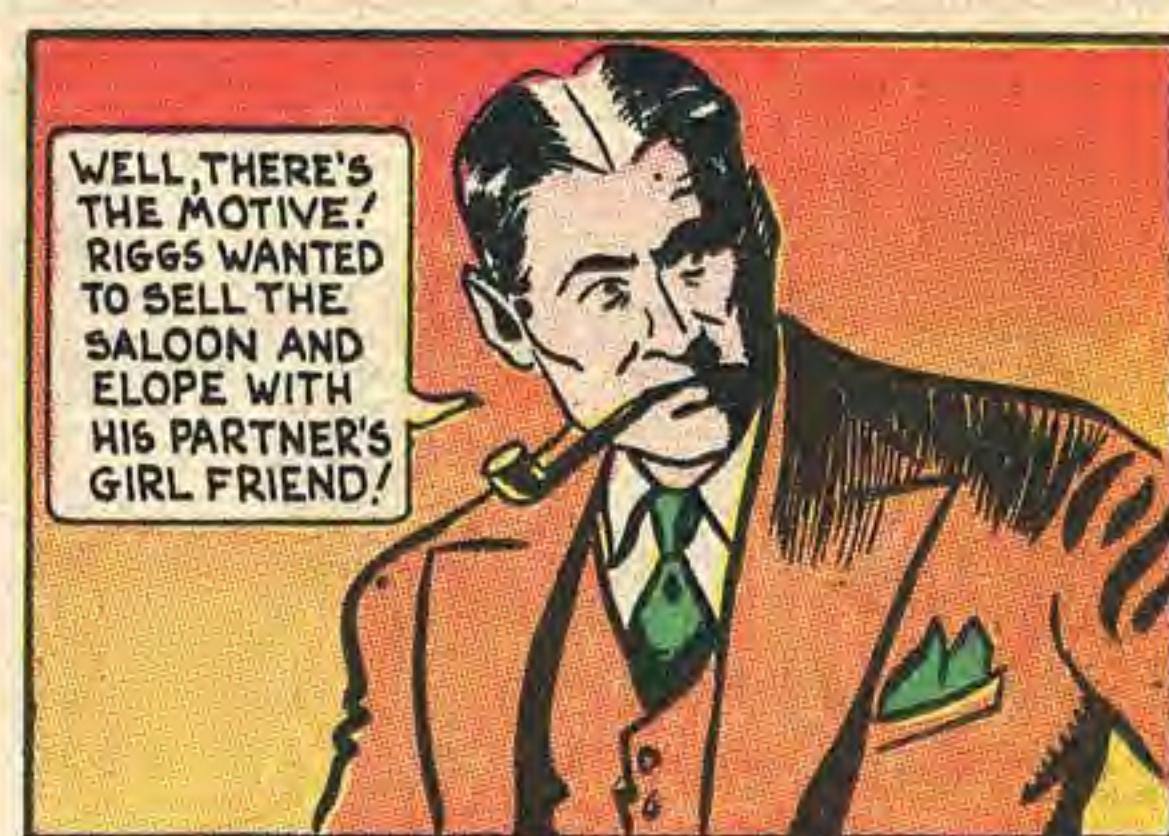
HOW ABOUT THE MAN
WHO'S TO DRIVE US?
BETTER CALL ABOUT IT!

RIGGS MAKES THE ARRANGEMENTS.

AND HAVE THE
CAB HERE AT SIX
IN THE MORNING-
SHARP! WE'RE
MAKING AN
EARLY START!

RIGGS AND BASTON'S GIRL FRIEND PLAN TO LEAVE TOWN.

THE SILVER FOX OVERHEARS THE CONVERSATION.



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, THE FOX SPEAKS TO THE CHIEF.



AT SIX THE NEXT MORNING, THE SILVER FOX AND AN OFFICER MEET THE DRIVER.



THE COUPLE IS ORDERED OUT OF THE CAB BY THE COPS.

COME ON,
HURRY UP!

HEY, WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA!

JUST WANT TO
ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS!



FOX CROSS EXAMINES RIGGS AND THE GIRL.

NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST CONFESS.
IT'LL SAVE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE!

I DIDN'T DO IT,
I TELL YOU.
IT'S A FRAME UP!



THE SILVER
FOX RE-
CONSTRUCTS
THE MOTIVE
AND THE
CRIME. THE
SILVER FOX
SPEAKS...

"YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH YOUR
PARTNER'S GIRL - YOU HAD A
CHANCE TO SELL OUT - AND DIDN'T
WANT TO COUNT HIM IN ON THE
DEAL..."



"-SO YOU SHOT HIM - JUST WHERE DOESN'T
MATTER FOR THE MOMENT - AND YOU DRAGGED
HIM TO THE BACK ROOM..."



"YOU DRAGGED THE BODY ALONG THE FLOOR -
WHICH IS PROVEN BY THE HEEL MARKS SHOWN
IN THE PHOTOGRAPH..."



"YOU PLACED THE GUN IN HIS HAND - YOUR
FINGERPRINTS ARE ON IT - WE MATCHED THEM
WITH THE PRINTS ON THE VASE YOU HANDED
ME, REMEMBER?"



POINTING AN ACCUSING FINGER AT RIGGS, FOX SAYS :

-AND YOU SEE IT WAS YOUR BIGGEST
MISTAKE THAT PROVED IT WAS MURDER!

WHAT
DID I DO?



IF HE HAD FALLEN ON THAT
TABLE THE BOTTLE WOULDN'T
HAVE REMAINED STANDING
THERE! YOU'RE GUILTY,
RIGGS!



THE SILVER FOX SOLVES ANOTHER BAFFLING
MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON
COMICS. DON'T MISS IT!

SUGAR, HONEY and HUGGIN'

IT'S A
BARREL
OF FUN

SH-H-H!

CUBVILLE
CENTER

BILLY WOLF IS
UP TO SOMETHING
I MUST WATCH
HIM!

I MUST CATCH THOSE
BEARS TO-DAY!
I'LL INVITE THEM
TO MY PARTY!

"I'LL HIDE IN
THIS BARREL
AND WHILE —
THEY'RE EATING
I'LL JUMP OUT
ON THEM!"

I MUST RUSH HOME —
AND TELL MY BROTHERS.

I HOPE
THEY'RE HOME

"IT'S MY BIRTHDAY
AND I'M GIVING A PARTY.
THE TABLE IS ALL SET
WE'LL DINE AT THREE"

WE'LL BE
THERE,
THANK YOU.

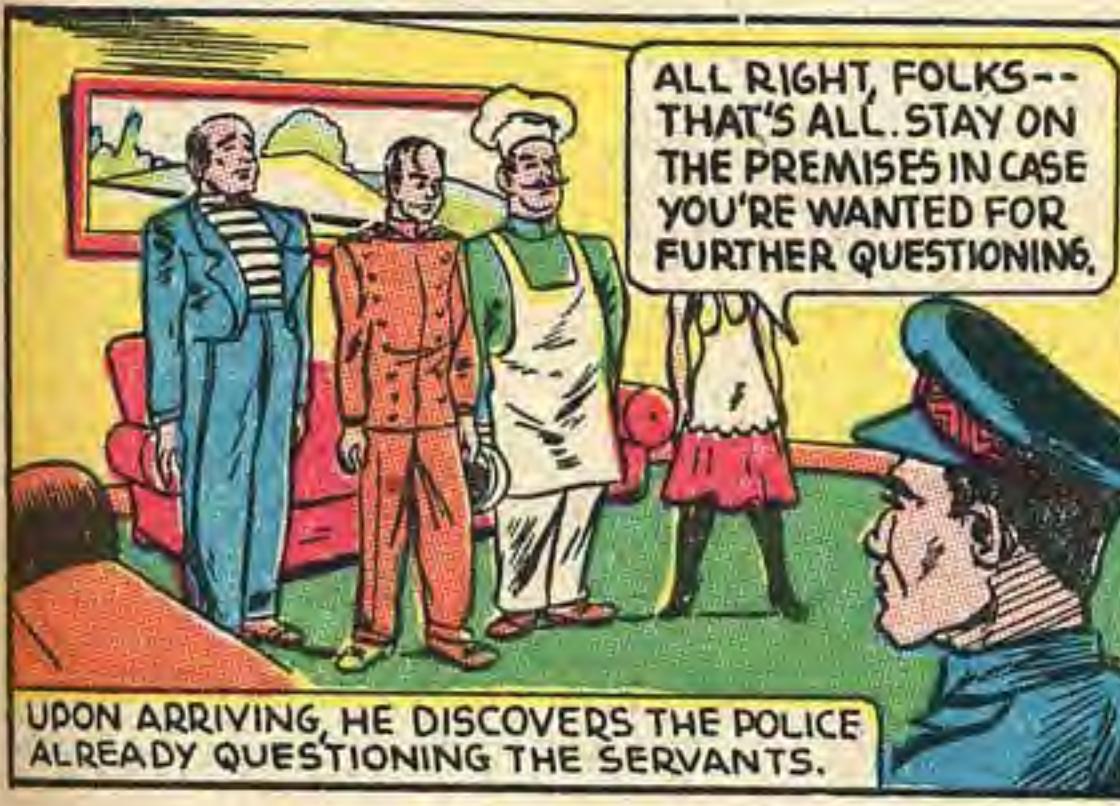
SHH



Scoop

THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS
POPE DIAMOND ROBBERY...

"ACE"
REPORTER





INTERNATIONAL
JEWEL THIEF
ARRESTED IN PARIS

JUNE 14, PARIS.



THAT'S STRANGE!
IT SAYS THAT HE'S
ALWAYS CHEWING
GUM-BUT HE WASN'T
WHEN I CALLED ON
HIM TODAY-

FOOLS! WHY
DID YOU
COME HERE?

WE WANNA SEE
THE ROCK—
YOU AINT TAKIN'
A POWDER ON US!

SUSPICIOUS OF THE COUNT'S ACTIONS, HIS HENCHMEN
TRAIL HIM TO HIS HOTEL ROOM.



WHEN THE COUNT
REFUSES TO SHOW
THEM THE GEM,
THE GANGSTERS
DRAW THEIR GUNS.
BUT....

YOU FAITH-
LESS RATS!

THE COUNT GRABS
A CHAIR AND
CRASHES IT OVER
THE HEADS OF THE
MOBSTERS.



YES, DARLING—
WE'RE TAKING
AN OCEAN
VOYAGE --

A TRIP
ABROAD?
OH, HOW
WONDERFUL!



THE COUNT TELEPHONES
TO HIS SWEETHEART.

WHERE'S
THE ROCK?

YEAH GERTIE,
GET IT UP!
AND SNAPPY,
TOO—



SUSPECTING THAT THE COUNT HAS LEFT THE GEM
WITH HIS SWEETHEART, THE GANGSTERS PAY HER
A SURPRISE VISIT.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S
LAMMING. WOW!
THE DIAMOND!

SORRY TO
INTRUDE—
HAND IT
OVER!

CERTAINLY, YOUR
EXCELLENCY!

...IN THE MEANTIME, SCOOP SEARCHES THE COUNT'S ROOM

THE COUNT MAKES
A LUNGE FOR SCOOP,
BUT THE REPORTER
DEFTLY HEAVES HIM
OVER HIS SHOULDER.

...AND CLIPS THE
COUNT ON THE CHIN.
THE COUNT RECOVERS AND
A TERRIFIC BATTLE ENDS



THE COUNT SECURELY TIES SCOOP TO THE BED.

IT'S A BEAUTY!

GUM IS GOOD FOR THE DIGESTION-

AND THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING IT'S GOOD FOR!



AMERICA

THIS SHIP WON'T LEAVE SOON ENOUGH FOR ME.

HOW MUCH?

THE COUNT AND HIS GIRL FRIEND RUSH TO THE STEAMSHIP WHICH WILL CARRY THEM SAFELY AWAY FROM THEIR PURSUITERS.



AFTER 'EM!

THERE THEY GO-UP THE GANG PLANK!

THE MARVEL!

THAT'S RIGHT- JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

-BUT THE THUGS TRAIL THEM TO THE PIER.

MEANWHILE, THE MARVEL FINDS SCOOP.

FIFTEEN MINUTES MORE AND WE'RE OFF.

I CAN HARDLY WAIT- THAT ROCK SHOULD BRING PLENTY IN SWITZERLAND.

THE MOBSTERS BREAK INTO THE COUNT'S CABIN.

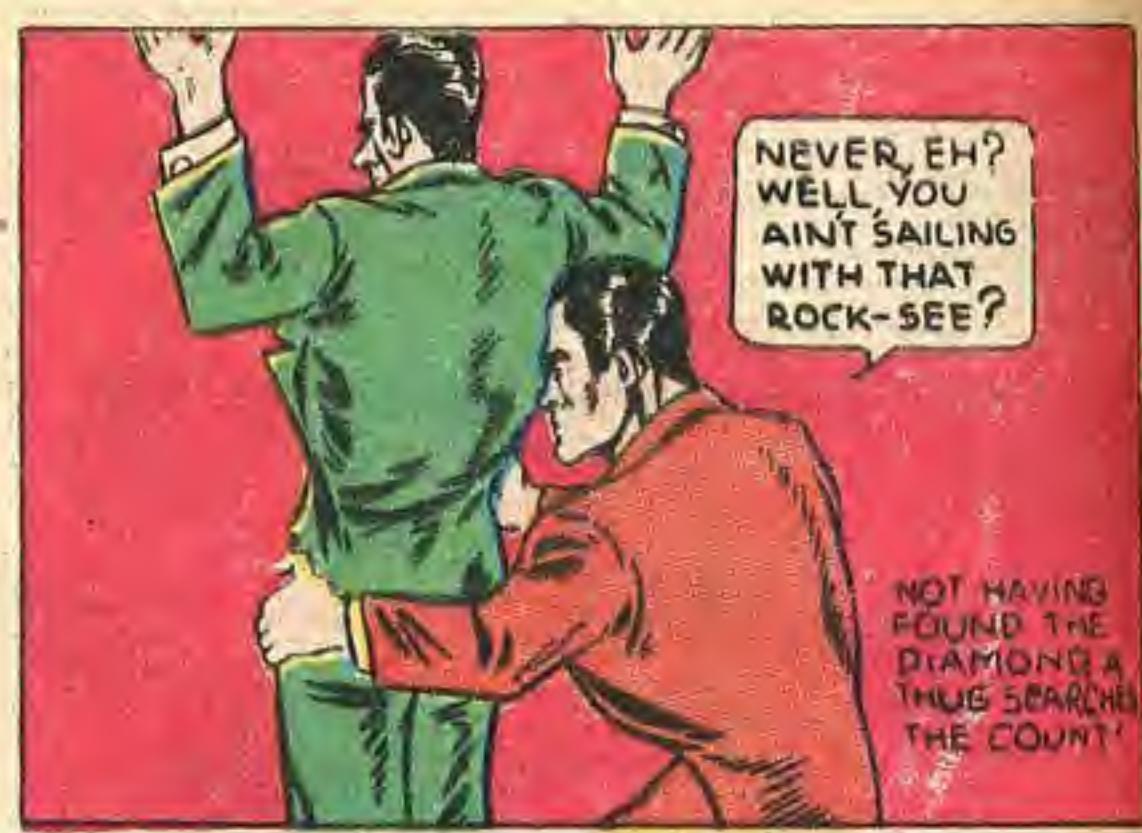
OK- GET IT UP! THE ROCK!

NEVER!

BUT WHILE THE GANGSTERS SEARCH HIS BAGGAGE, THE COUNT SLYLY REMOVES A WAD OF CHEWING GUM FROM HIS MOUTH WRAPS IT AROUND THE PRECIOUS GEM AND PRESSES IT AGAINST THE BACK OF THE GIRL'S DRESS



NEVER, EH? WELL, YOU AINT SAILING WITH THAT ROCK-SEE?



NOT HAVING FOUND THE DIAMOND A THUG SEARCHES THE COUNT

HONEST! I HAVEN'T GOT IT-UHG

WHERE IS IT, GERTIE? I'LL CHOKE YOU!



THE HONEYMOON'S OVER, FOLKS-GET 'EM UP!



AFTER BEING RELEASED BY THE MARVEL, SCOOP GETS A COP AND RUSHES TO THE SHIP



SCOOP AND THE COP ARE OVERWHELMED!



IT'S THE MARVEL!
BUT THE MARVEL TRAILED SCOOP AND ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO EFFECT A RESCUE

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE THE DIAMOND WAS HIDDEN?

SIMPLE-HE WASN'T CHEWING GUM THAT MEANS THAT THE GEM WAS STUCK SOMEPLACE IT WAS BY CHANCE THAT I SAW IT ON THE GIRL'S BACK



GREAT STORY, SCOOP! WHO IS THE MARVEL?

I DON'T KNOW, CHIEF-BUT HE SURE IS DOISON TO THE UNDERWORLD!



WHO IS THE MARVEL?
DON'T FAIL TO READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS

RED GRANGE

RED
GRANGE

THE
GALLOPING
GHOST
OF THE
GRIDIRON



ON HIS GLORY, GRANGE
TOTED THE PIGSKIN
4,013 TIMES, SCORING
531 TOUCHDOWNS—A
RECORD YET TO BE
EQUALED...

"HERE HE COMES,
THERE HE GOES!"
THE FAMILIAR CRY
WHEN RED STARTED
DOWN THE FIELD ~

ALTHOUGH THE REDHEAD'S
ACTIVE DAYS ARE OVER,
COACHING AND BROADCASTING
KEEP THE IMMORTAL "77" IN
FOOTBALL'S SPOTLIGHT!

Corporal COLLINS "INFANTRYMAN"

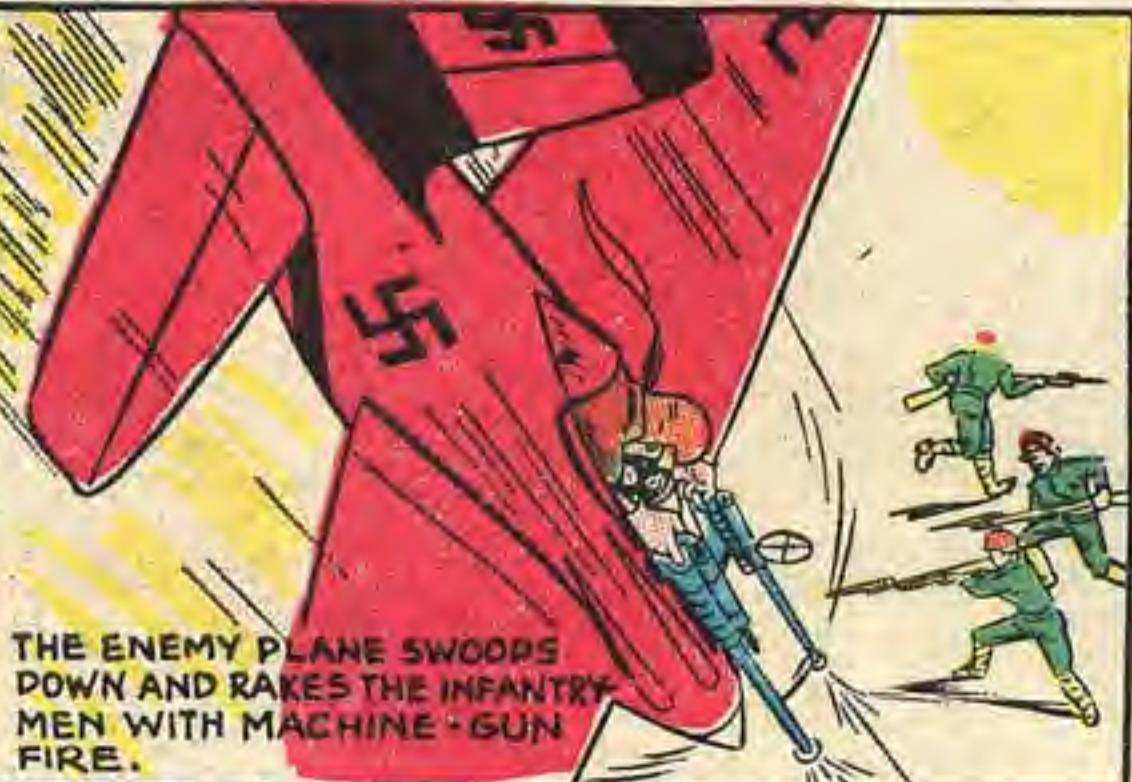
CORPORAL COLLINS, TWO-FISTED AMERICAN IN THE FRENCH INFANTRY, SMASHES HIS WAY ALMOST SINGLE-HANDED TO ANOTHER VICTORY OVER THE ENEMY...

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

NO EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE - WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN!

SUDDENLY A HOSTILE PLANE APPEARS OVERHEAD.

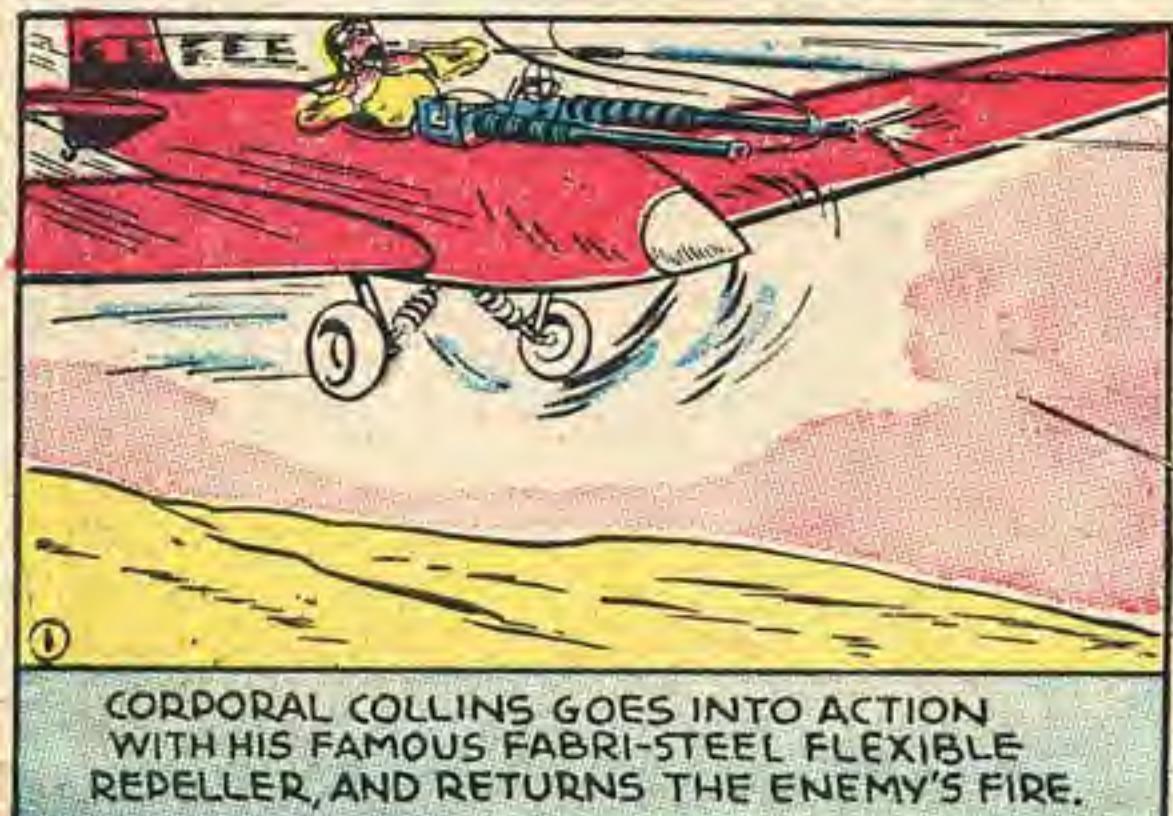
DIG IN, BOYS -- IT'S AN ENEMY PLANE!



THE ENEMY PLANE SWOOPS DOWN AND RAKES THE INFANTRY MEN WITH MACHINE-GUN FIRE.



THE FRENCH SOLDIERS HASTILY SET UP A MACHINE-GUN.

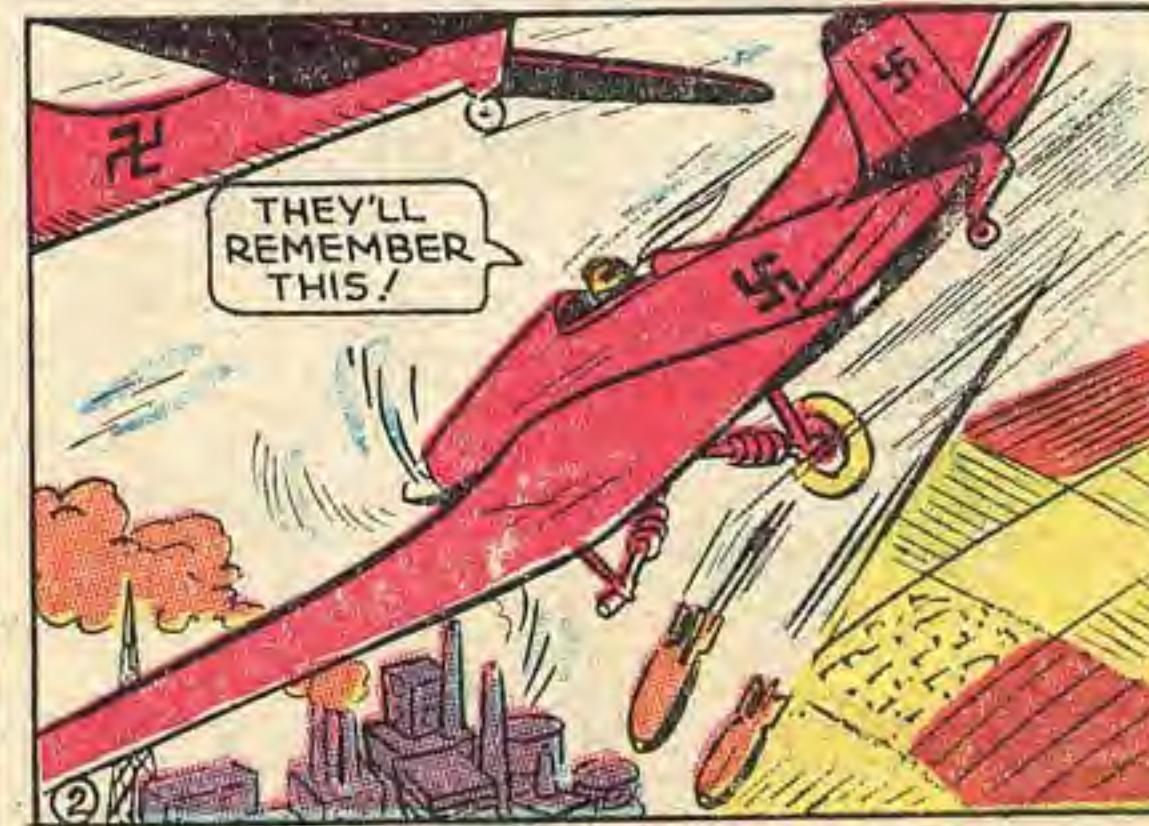
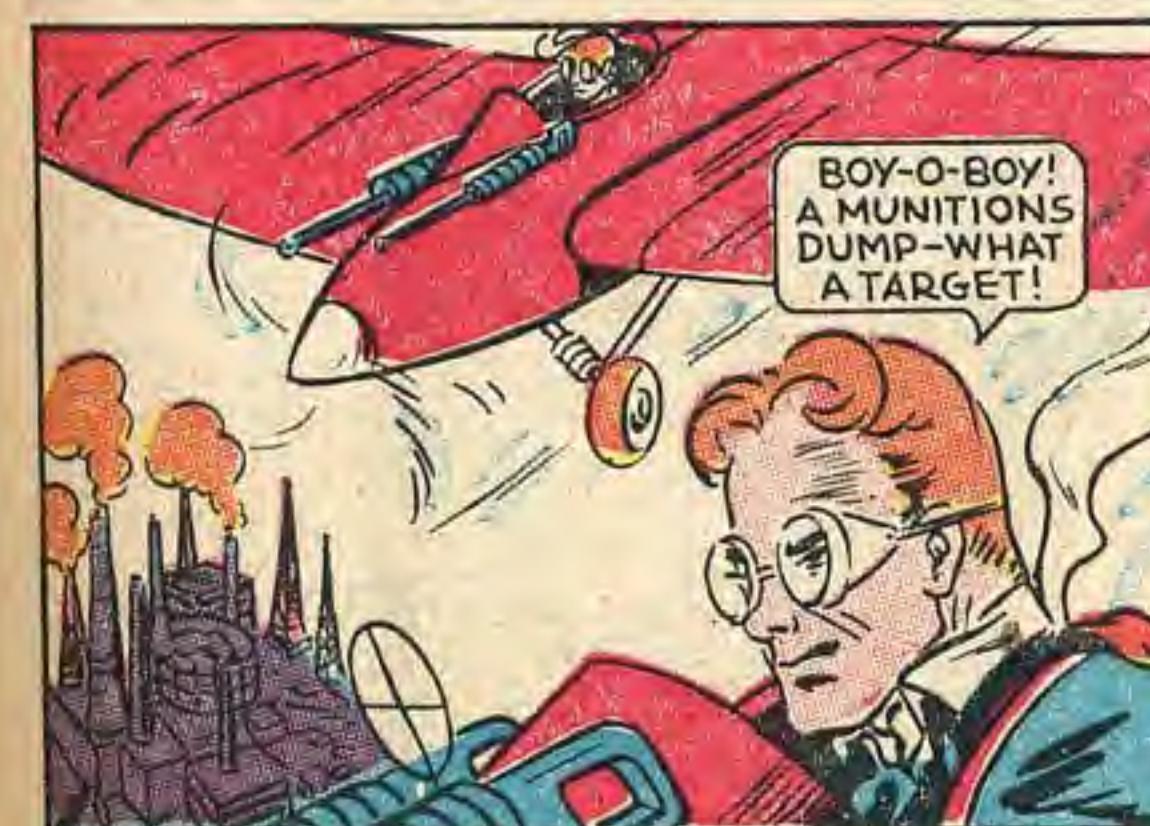
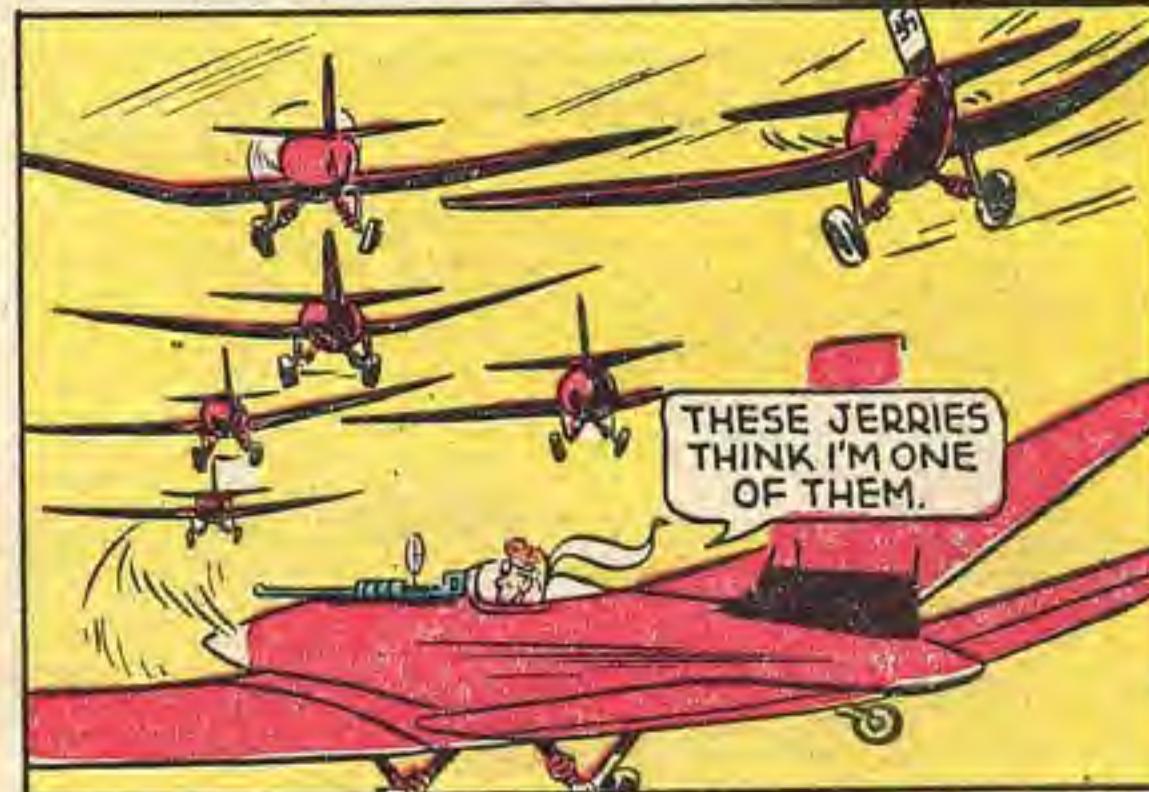
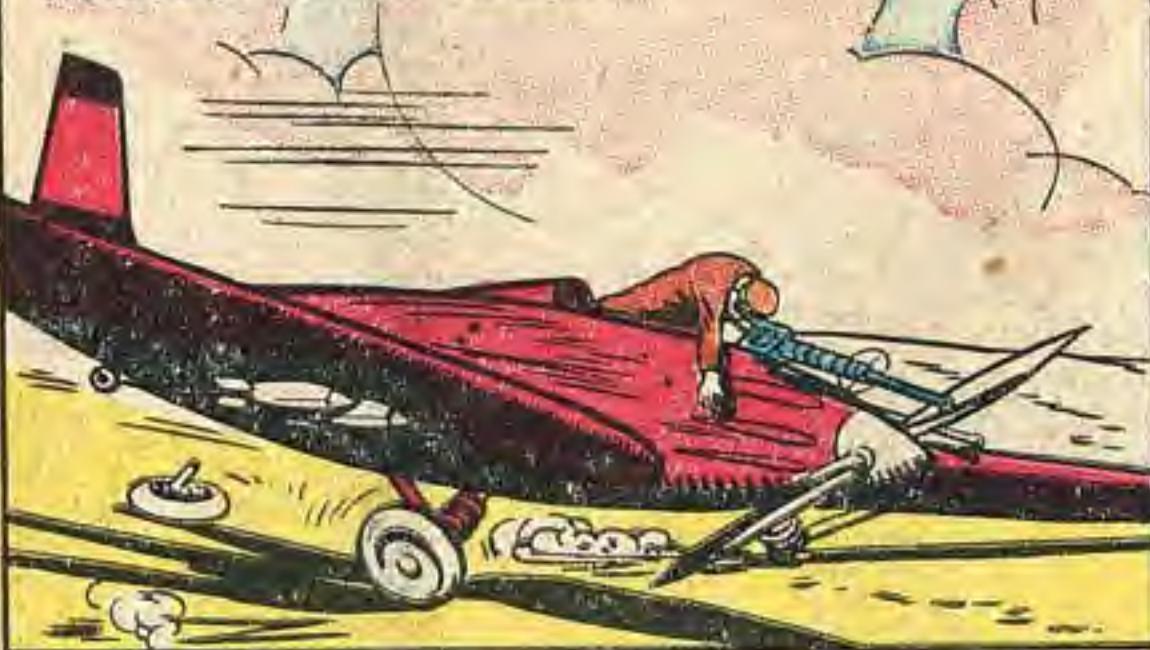


CORPORAL COLLINS GOES INTO ACTION WITH HIS FAMOUS FABRI-STEEL FLEXIBLE REPELLER, AND RETURNS THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

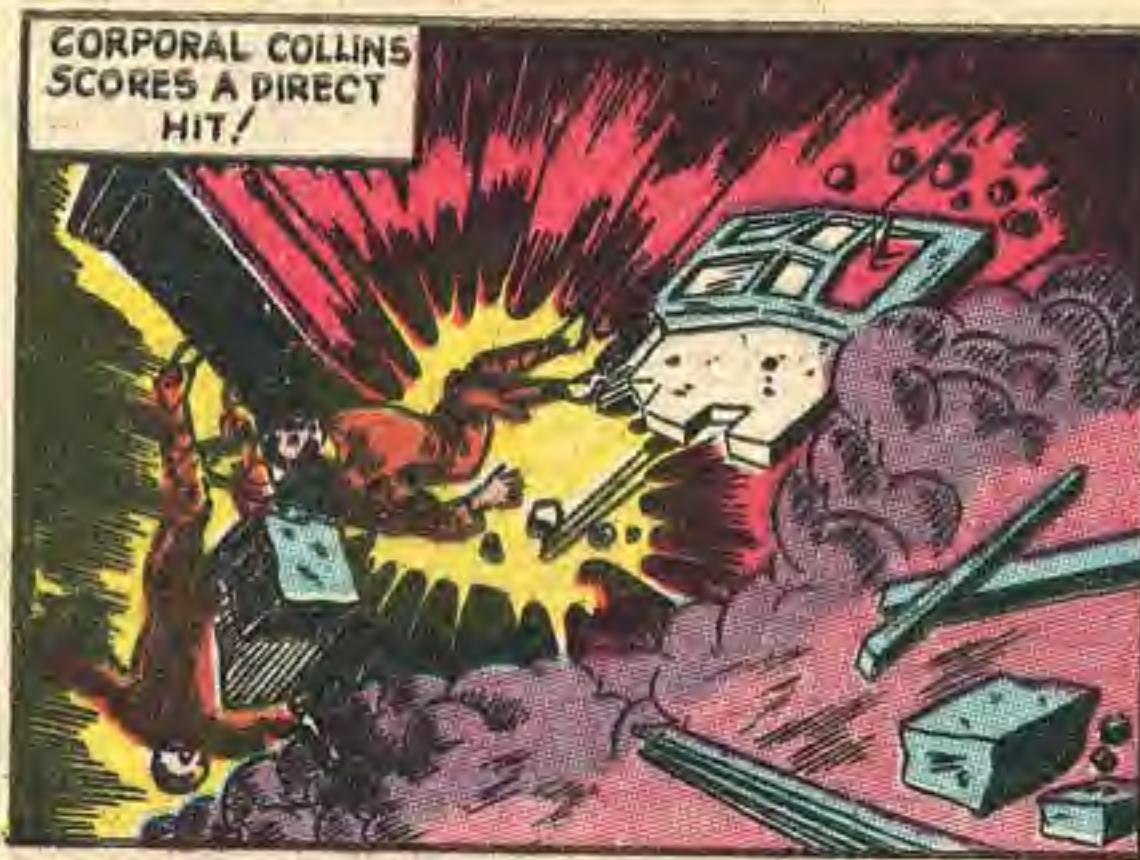


THE FABRI-STEEL FLEXIBLE REPELLER MAGNETIZES THE BULLETS AND RETURNS THEM WITH ADDED SPEED.

CORPORAL COLLINS' BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK—THE WOUNDED AVIATOR PANCAKES HIS SHIP TO EARTH.



CORPORAL COLLINS SCORES A DIRECT HIT!

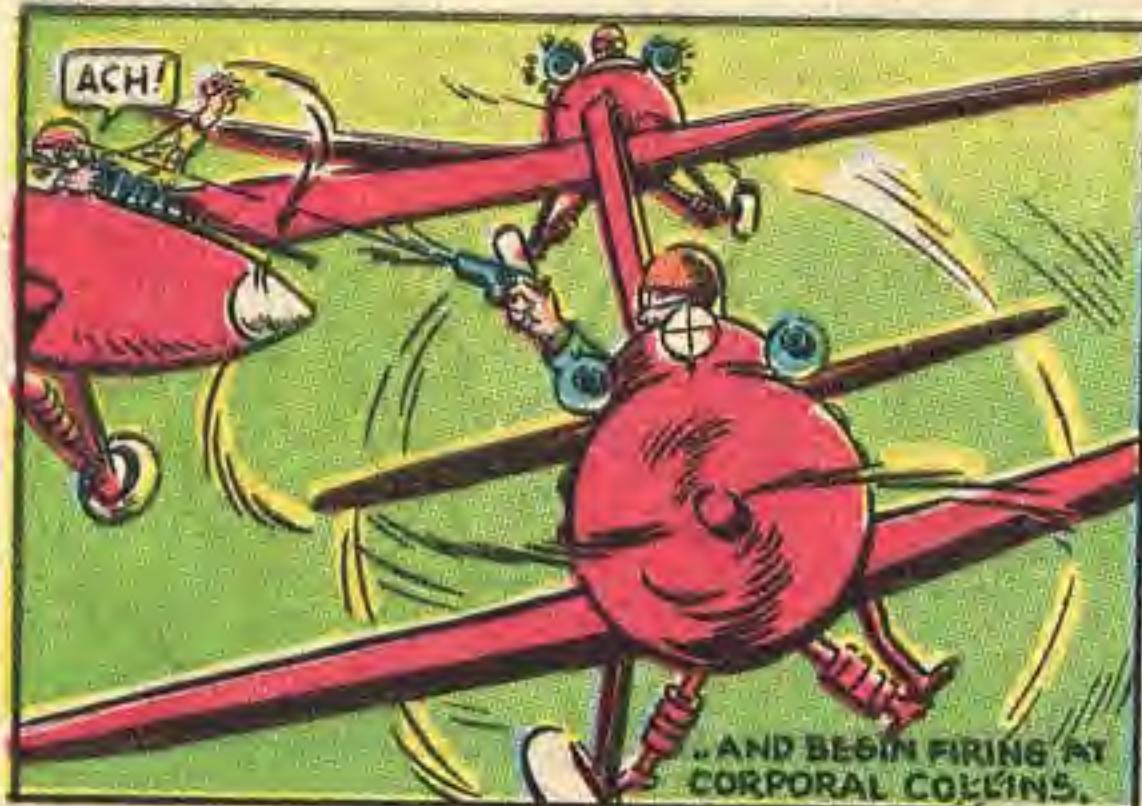


THEY'RE WISE TO ME!



TWO ENEMY FLYERS BECOME SUSPICIOUS.

ACH!



... AND BEGIN FIRING AT CORPORAL COLLINS.

WELL, ONE OUT OF TWO IS BATTING 500!



WITH UNERRING AIM CORPORAL COLLINS DOWNS ONE OF THE JERRY PLANES.

I'M IN A FIX NOW - I'M OUT OF GAS



AN ENEMY BALLOON! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HURTLED CLEAR OF THE PLANE, COLLINS LANDS ON THE OBSERVATION BALLOON.

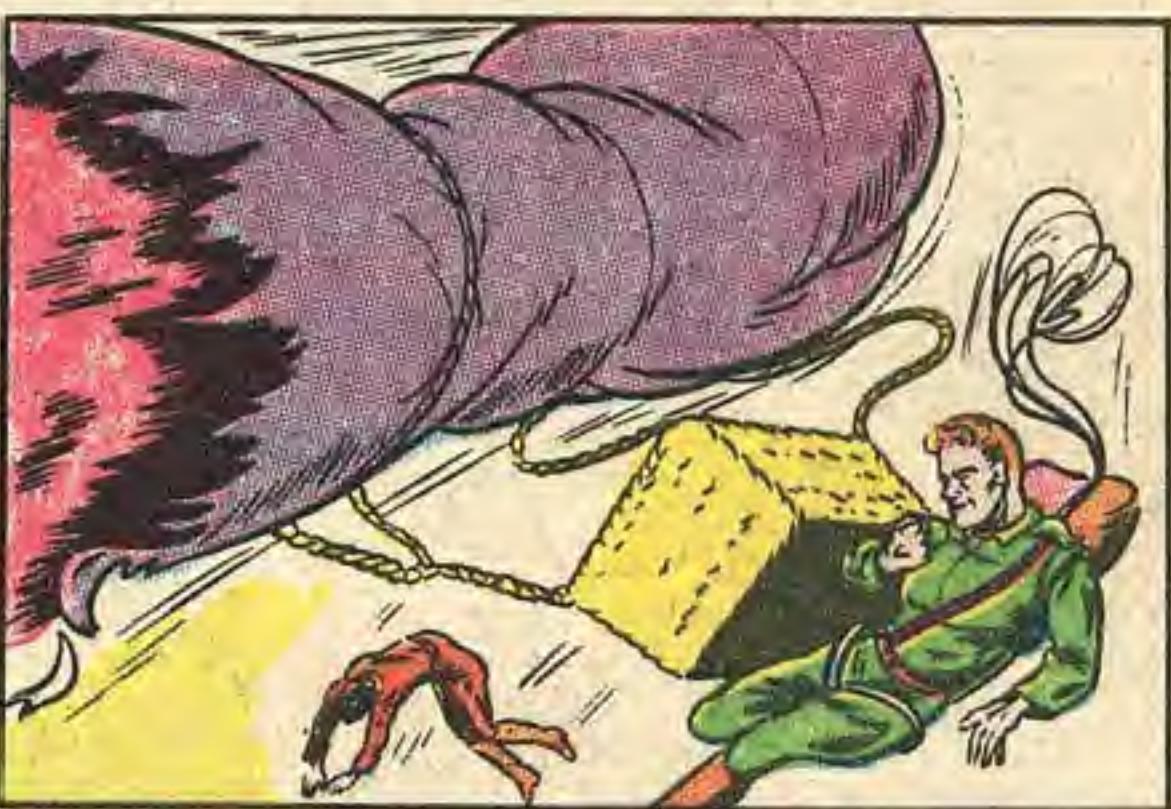
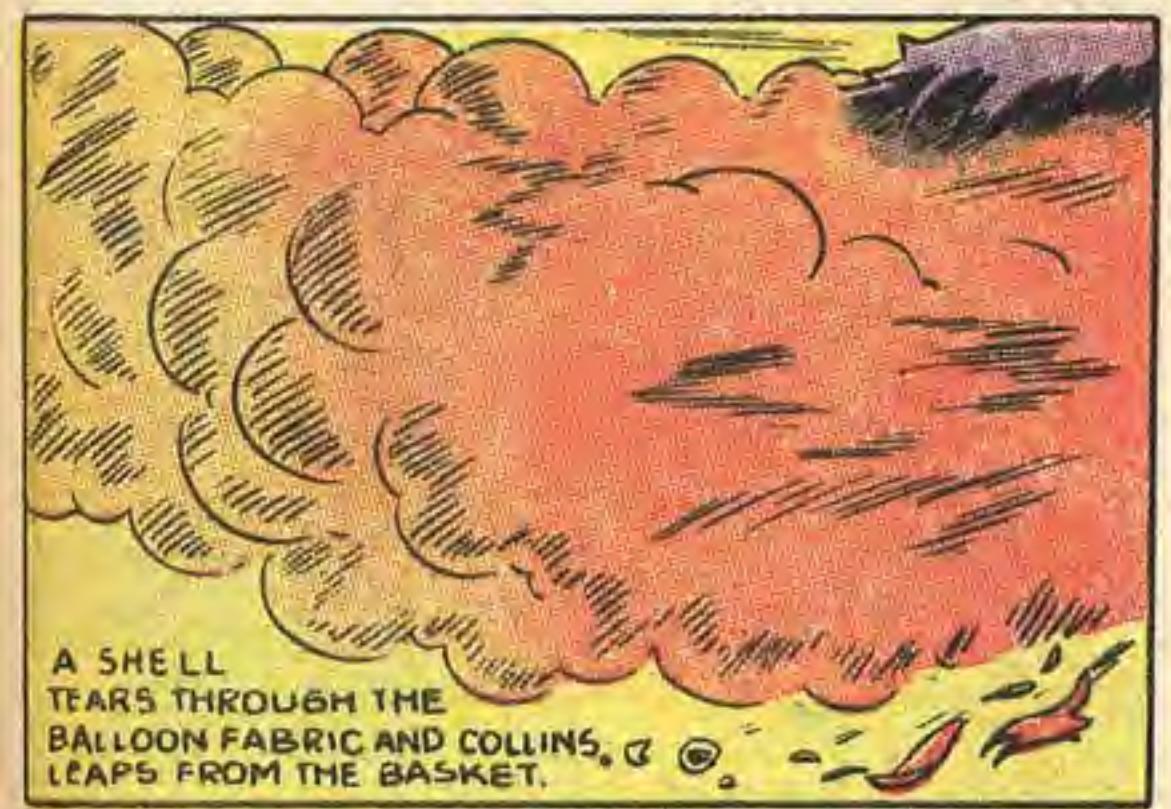
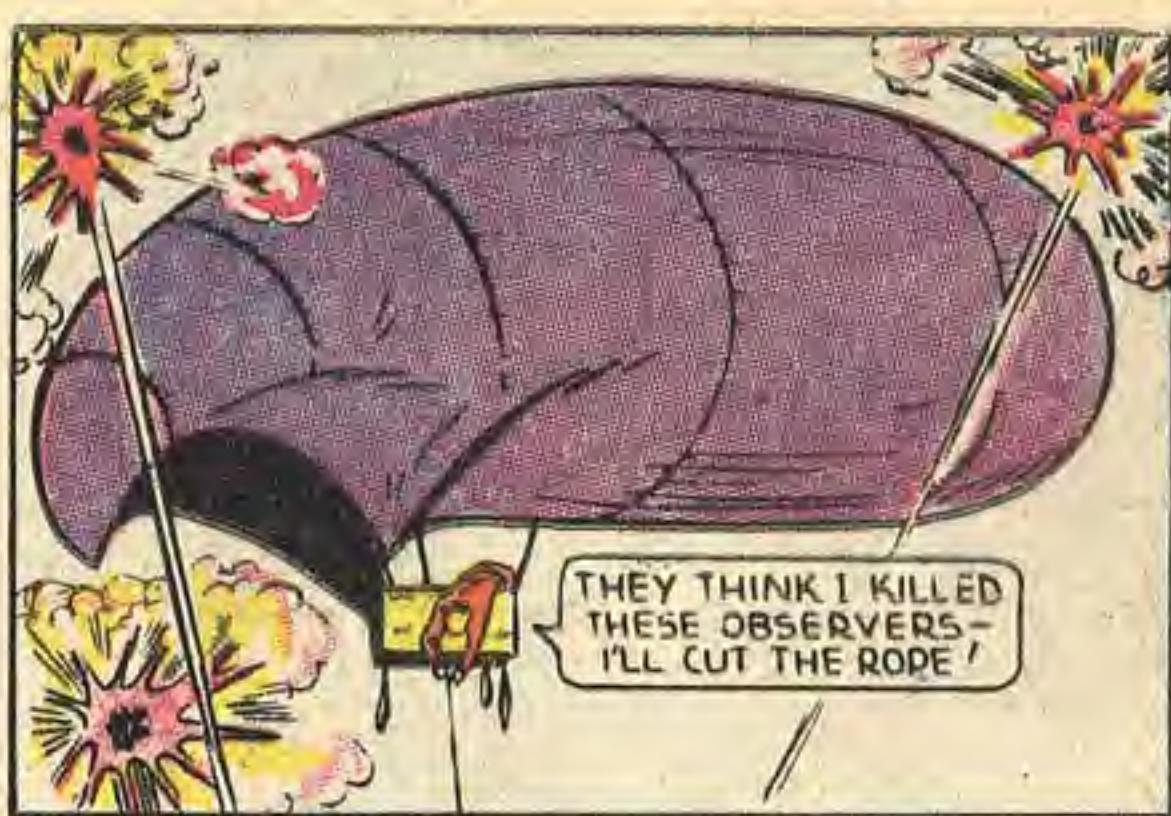
I MADE IT!



COME ON, STAND UP AND FIGHT!



CLIMBING DOWN THE BASKET, CORPORAL COLLINS IS MET BY A HAIL OF LEAD.

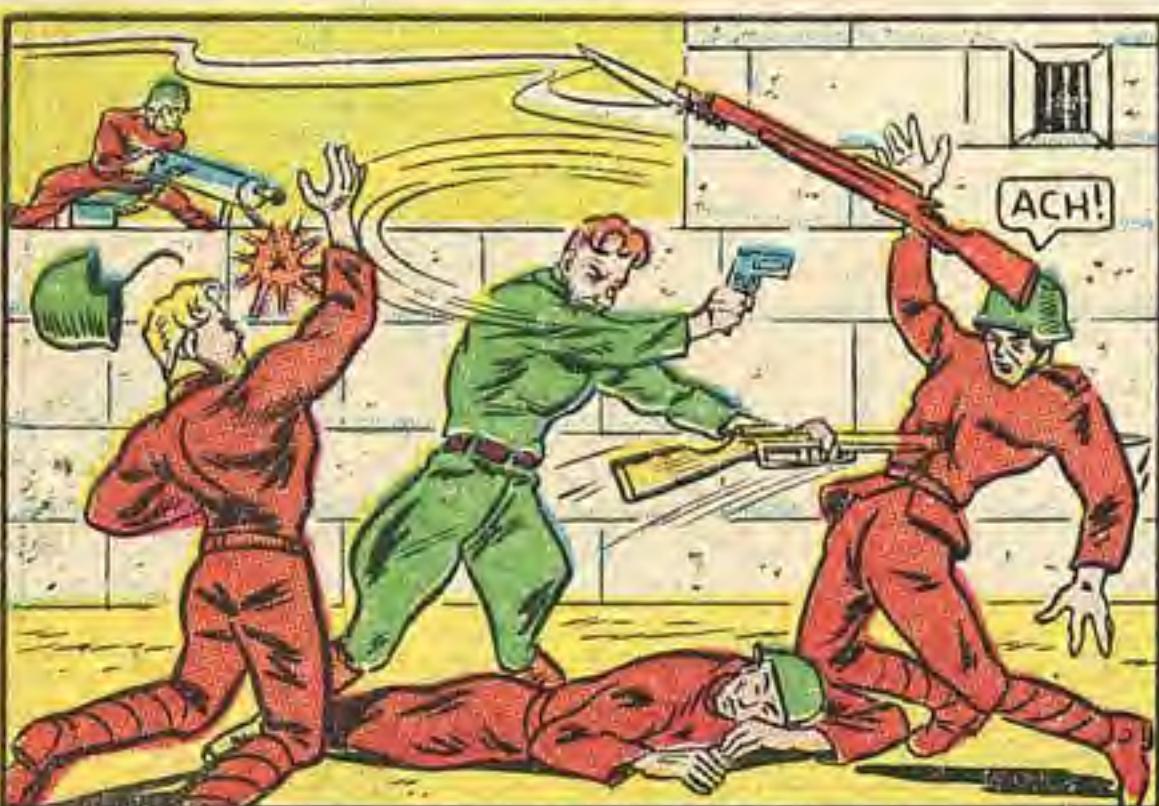


HOW NICE-A RECEPTION COMMITTEE-TSK, TSK-- WELL, HERE GOES--!

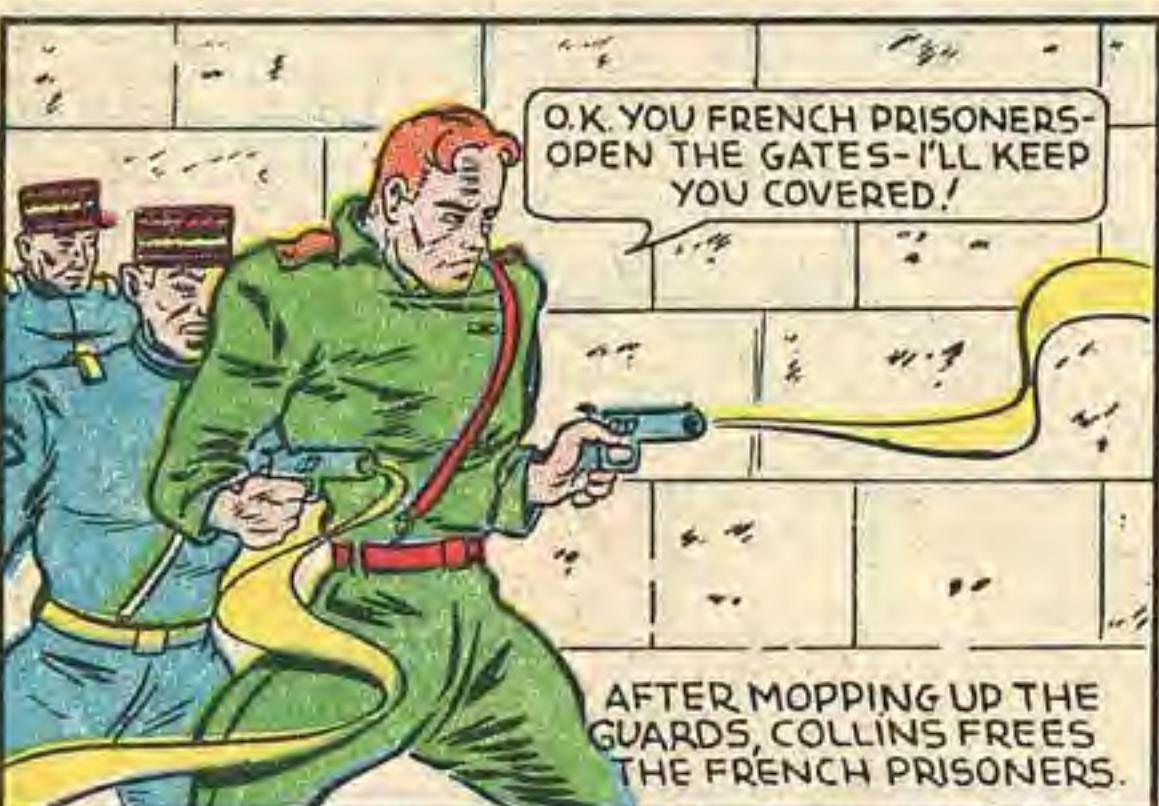


HIS GUN BELCHING FIRE, COLLINS LEAPS TO MEET THE ENEMY.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

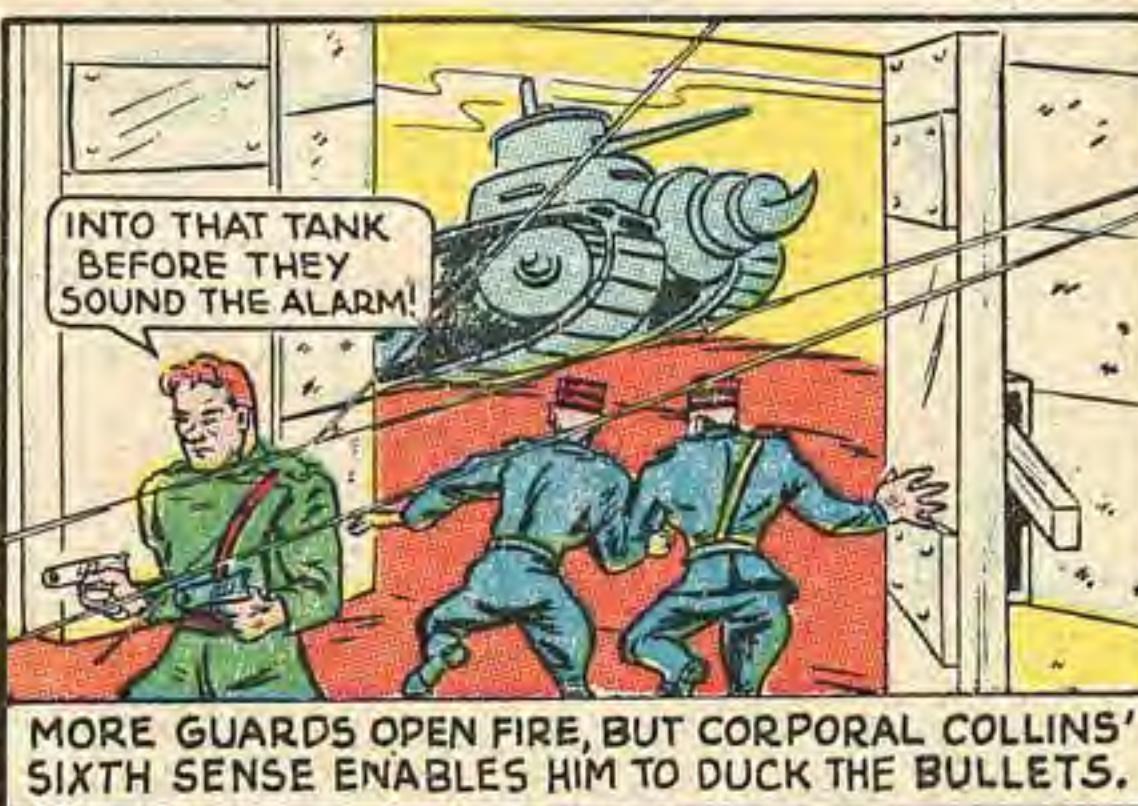


O.K. YOU FRENCH PRISONERS- OPEN THE GATES-I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED!



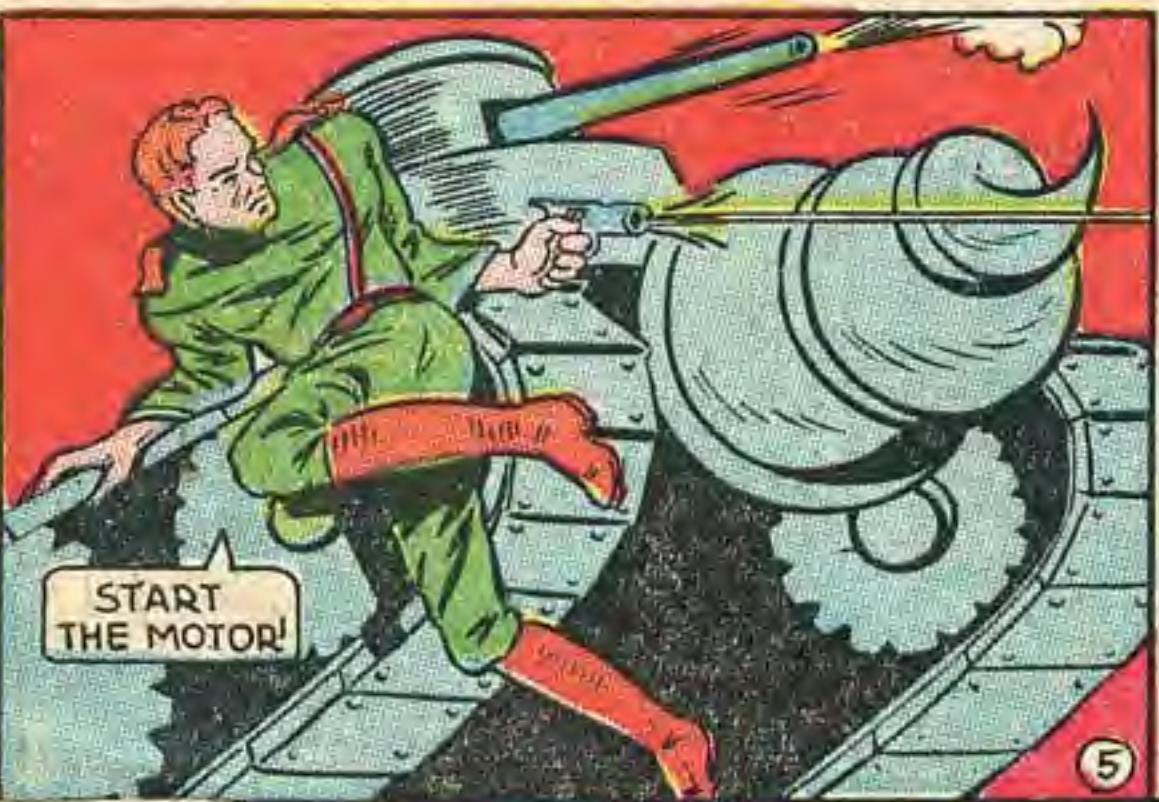
AFTER MOPPING UP THE GUARDS, COLLINS FREES THE FRENCH PRISONERS.

INTO THAT TANK BEFORE THEY SOUND THE ALARM!



MORE GUARDS OPEN FIRE, BUT CORPORAL COLLINS' SIXTH SENSE ENABLES HIM TO DUCK THE BULLETS.

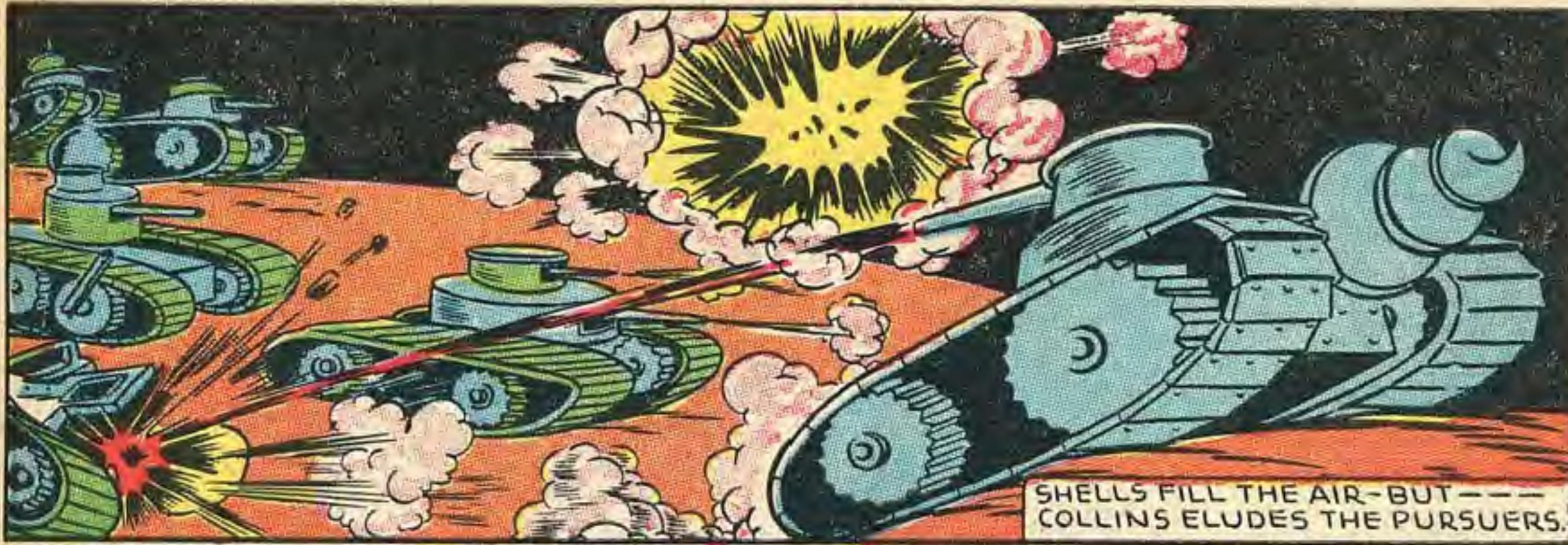
START THE MOTOR!



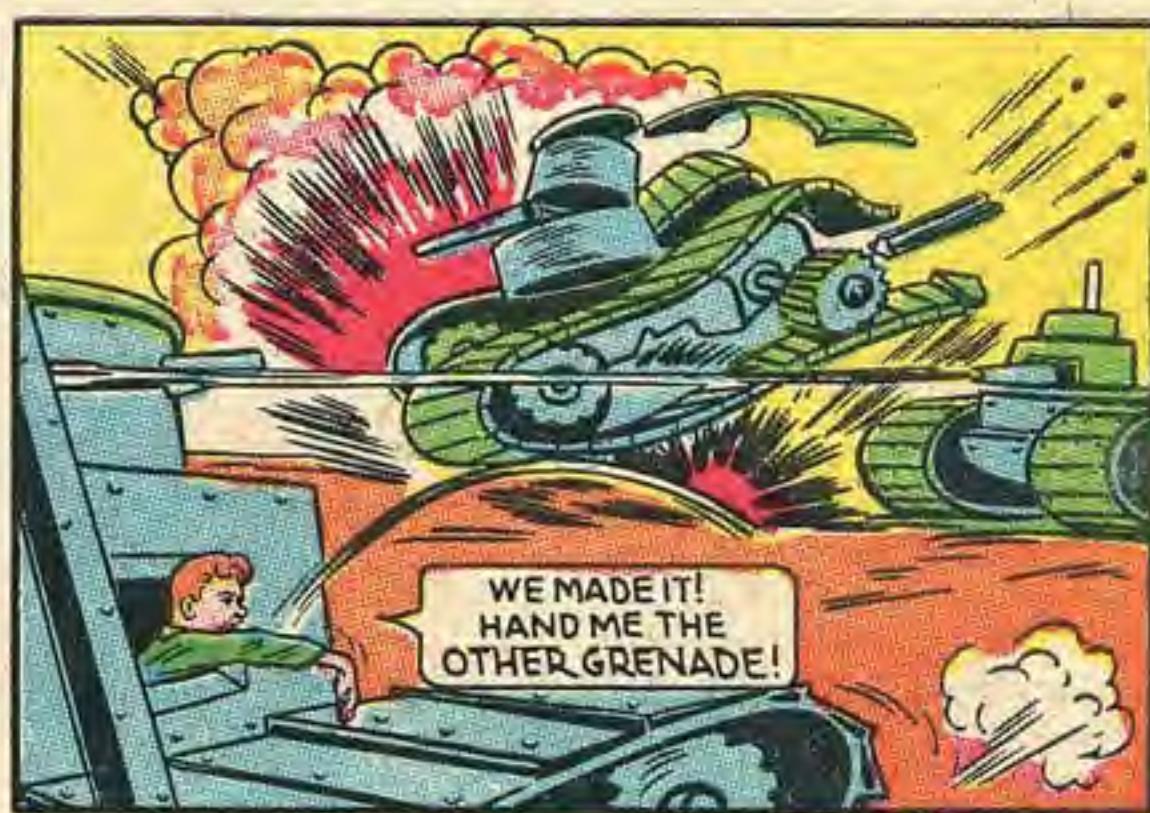
FASTER! MUCH FASTER- THEIR TANKS FOLLOW!



COLLINS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS MAKE THEIR ESCAPE IN THE TANK BUT THE ENEMY IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE

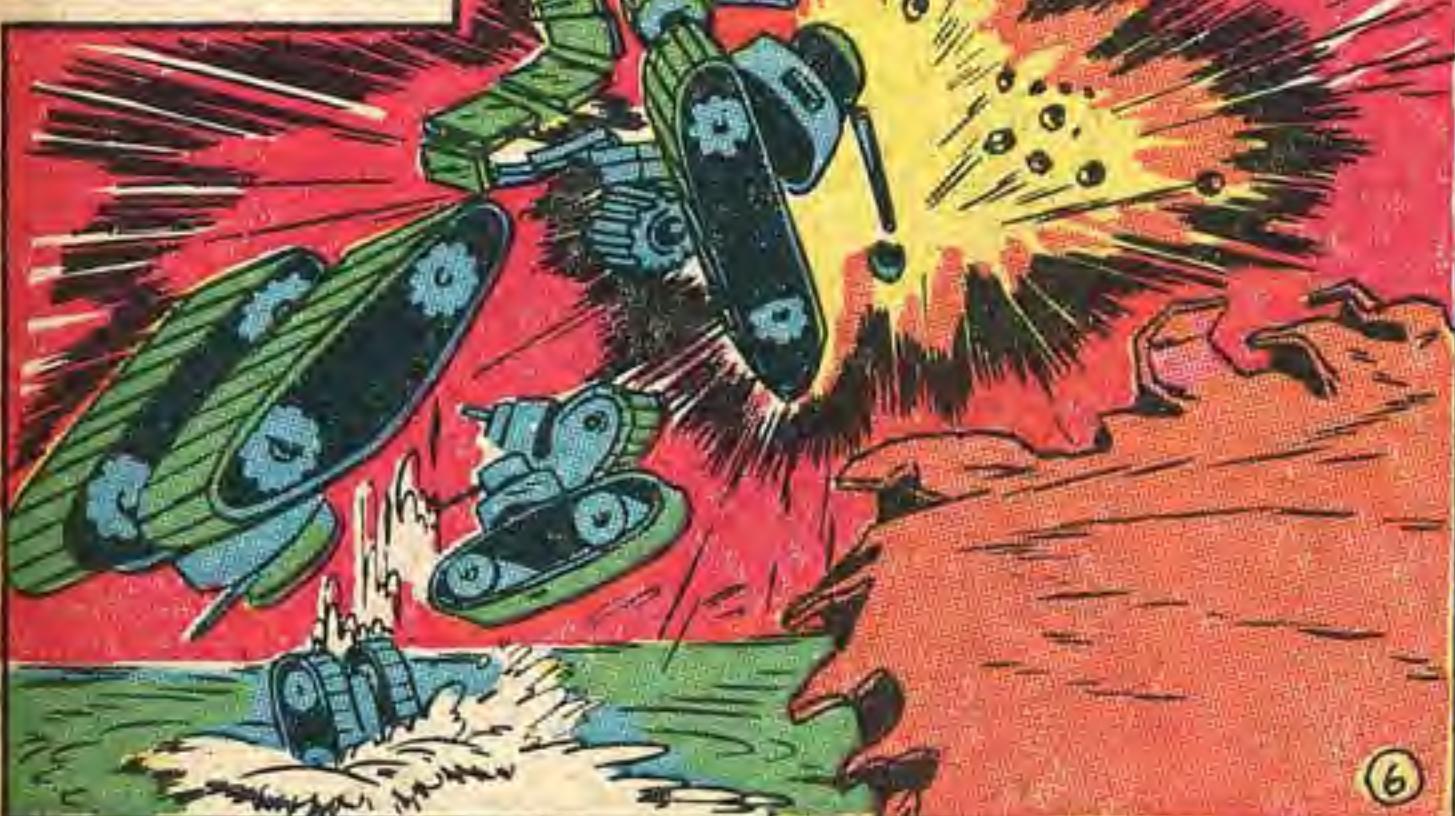
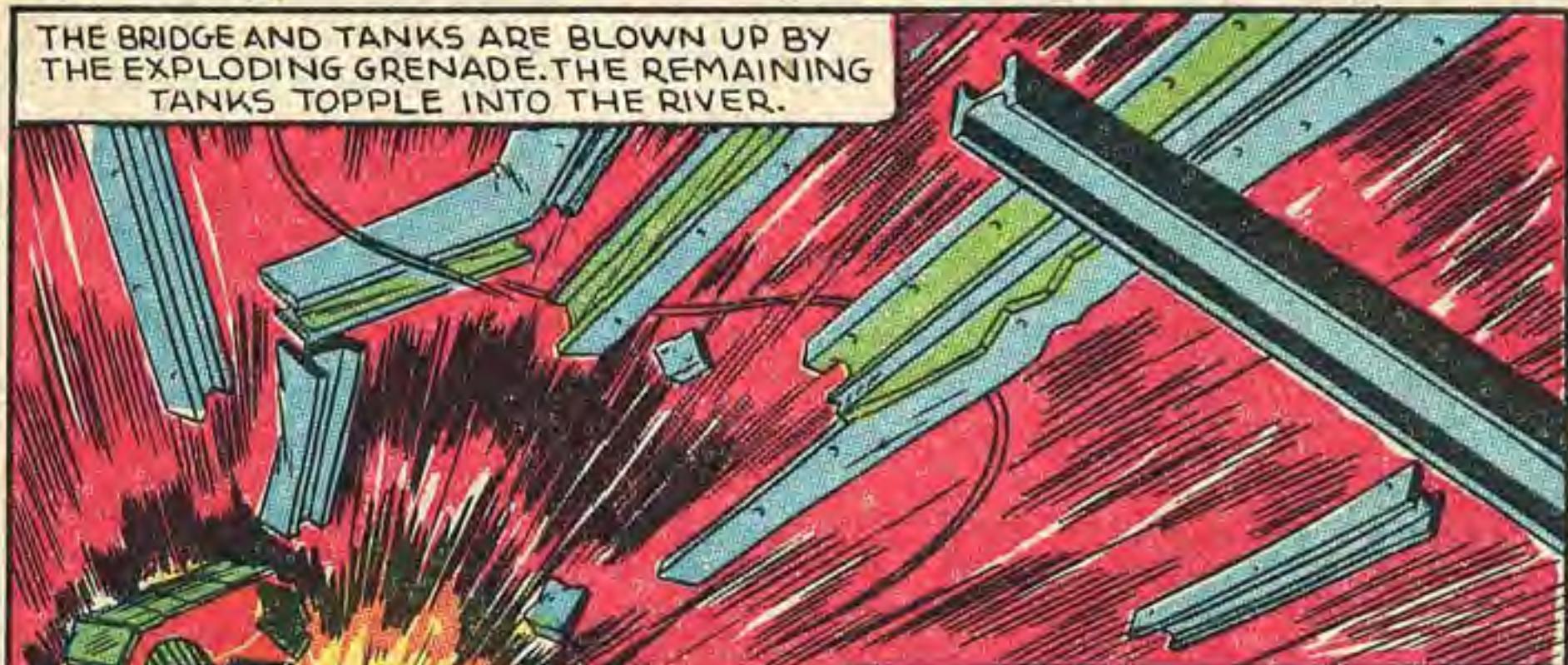


SHELLS FILL THE AIR-BUT---
COLLINS ELUDES THE PURSUERS.



COLLINS' TANK HAS JUST CROSSED THE BRIDGE--THE ENEMY TANKS JUST BEHIND BUT STILL ON THE BRIDGE--HE THROWS HIS LAST GRENADE

THE BRIDGE AND TANKS ARE BLOWN UP BY THE EXPLODING GRENADE. THE REMAINING TANKS TOPPLE INTO THE RIVER.



I'M SURE, CORPORAL, WITH ONE REGIMENT LIKE YOU, THIS WAR WOULD BE OVER IN ONE WEEK.



SEE CORPORAL COLLINS, AS HE ENCOUNTERS THE ENEMY IN ANOTHER TERRIFIC BATTLE, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

FRAME-UP

BY
PHIL
STURM

John Sand, Special Investigator for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, settled himself firmly at a table close to the window. The Federal man focused his eyes on the entrance of the Tip Top Club, visible through the window of the Chinese restaurant in which he sat.

Three months now the Investigator had been on the trail of Jerry Sanko, notorious bank robber, killer and public enemy. Three months of gruelling search and yet not a single clue as to the whereabouts of the killer. Acting on the hunch that Sanko might some day return to visit Marie Lane, his chorus girl sweetheart, the G-Man kept a close watch on the crowds entering the club nightly.

Completely taken in by his duty, Sand hadn't noticed the entrance of three slinky looking strangers, until the shuffling of chairs at his table caused him to look up. Lifting his eyes a little, he found himself looking squarely into the muzzles of two black automatics concealed under newspapers held by two of the men. The third nonchalantly fingered a spoon.

"Don't make a move, Copper," a voice ordered. Two guns to back the command, Sand knew they were in control of the situation.

"Get this," came out of the side of the speaker's mouth. "Order a round of drinks. Don't do too much talking or them guns'll have something to say to you."

The G-Man, now fully aware that a wrong move on his part would bring a bullet, did as he was told. Three times the harsh voice ordered him to repeat the call for drinks. The three men swallowed theirs easily, but Sand not being a drinking man felt his throat burn and sting as he swallowed the liquid. Finally the voice, full of meaning, ordered: "Act palsy with the boys on the way out." The speaker walked to the waiter and paid the check as the other three walked out.

Outside Sand was forced into a black limousine and seated between the two men. Presently the third man came out, took his place at the wheel, and in a few seconds the car raced along the street.

"Listen, what's the meaning of all this?" the Federal man asked curtly.

"Look, G-Man," came the response from the man at the wheel. "the boss knows you're here for him. So we gotta get you away for a little while until he finishes up some business and clears out. Now, shut up, will yuh?"

The car raced along in the direction of the waterfront and stopped at an old deserted warehouse. Two men dragged the Federal man from the car.

"Conk him," the man at the wheel shouted. "Tie him and lock him up in there."

The phone rang out in the still room. The desk Sergeant dropped his pen, picked up the phone and bellowed, "Desk Sergeant—what! At Barnes warehouse? Who's talking? Hung up, darn them!" The Sergeant got up and walked to a door marked, "Squad Room."



"Flanagan," he shouted into the room, "get the boys and hop over to the Barnes warehouse—somebody prowlin' around in there."

In a few minutes the squad car with screaming siren raced down the street. The car stopped at the warehouse. The officers hopped out with flashlights in hand, entered the building and began searching the dark interior.

"Don't see a thing," one of the men shouted.

"Over here, quick! I hear a noise," someone called from the other end of the room.

A half a dozen or so flashlights played around the room and came to rest on the staggering form of Investigator Sand.

"Stand still with your hand up!" a cop ordered.

The G-Man, hands raised, glanced into the blinding lights, blinked his eyes and shook his head to clear his senses. The figures approached him and he soon made them out to be policemen. "Thank God, it's police. I thought it was them coming back again," he blurted out.

As the officer came up to the G-Man's face he drew back quickly and said, "With a breath like that, maybe it's pink elephants you're expecting!"

"Come on, get him into the car. We ain't got time to waste," another cop broke in.

In a little while the car was back at the police station. The Federal man was searched. When the Sergeant pulled out Sand's gun and badge, he looked quizzically at the G-Man and said, "I'll have to report you to the District office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

The following day Sand reported to the district office of the F B I. The chief questioned Sand severely on his actions of the night before. After a severe grilling the Chinese waiter was called in to testify.

"Now tell me what he did in your place last night?" the Chief questioned further.

"He come in alone. Sit down and eat. Soon three more men come in and sit with him. He buy two times, maybe three times' drinks for himself and men. They all get up and go. He very drunk, others help him out," the waiter replied.

The Chief dismissed the Chinese waiter, faced Sand and sternly said, "A bank stickup only a few feet from where you should be. You drinking with a bunch of crooks. I suggest you leave for Washington to turn in your badge."

Sand started as if to say something but knew it was useless. Like a broken and beaten man he dejectedly left the building. As he continued down the street, his mind was a jumble. He couldn't think straight. Dazed, he wandered for blocks until a voice in back of him startled him with, "Mr. Sand!" He reeled around and came face to face with Marie Lane, Jerry Sanko's girl.

The girl came closer and whispered, "Jerry can't two-time me. I know you're the copper Jerry framed so I came to you. I have the black bag they took from the bank. I also got some letters Jerry sent me while hiding out last year. That ought to give you a lead. It's all up in my room."

"Good," the G-Man said to himself. "The letters would reveal Sanko's old haunts. Chances are he went back to one of them." He eyed the girl sharply and said, "Can we go now?"

The girl nodded and the two proceeded down the street. Presently they arrived at a small stone building which bore a sign in front, "Furnished Rooms." They walked up two flights. The girl put a key in the latch, opened the door and switched the lights on. Sand followed her. As his foot crossed the threshold he saw the figures of four men opposite him. In a flash he hurled his body between a huge easy chair and the wall, at the same time slamming the door behind him and switching out the light. Two bullets whizzed by his ear as he dropped to the floor. The G-Man whipped out his pistol and crawled along the floor to a table a few feet away from the easy chair.

"They're firing at the chair," Sand muttered to himself. Bracing himself, he fired three shots in the direction of the dark outlines.

"Looks like he got Joe and Red," a voice said in the dark.

"Good!" thought the G-Man to himself. "That only leaves two of them and the girl."

"Quick, Steve—we gotta get out of here," the voice in the dark again spoke.

"What about me?" the female voice cried out.

"Sure, you're coming with me," Sanko answered sarcastically.

Suddenly the window shade flew up and flooded half the room with light. Sand watched, and in the outline saw the figure of the girl held in front of the two gunmen as they worked their way to the window.

Knowing that he couldn't shoot at a defenseless woman, Sand could do only one thing. He picked himself up and rushed at the figures. A bullet ripped his jacket on the left shoulder. With one hand he brushed the girl aside and made a grab for one of the figures. The third, carrying a black bag, made its escape out the window to the fire escape.

As the Federal man grabbed the crook, the two went tumbling to the floor. Sand brought down a hard right to the side of the man's jaw. Suddenly the light switched on and two policemen with guns in hands stood in the doorway.

"What's the shooting going on in here?" one of them asked.

"I'm from the F. B. I. These are the bank robbers. Hold them. I'm going after one that got away," Sand shouted as he raced down the stairs.

On reaching the street, he saw the black limousine



round the corner. Sand rushed to a parked taxi, flashed his badge and ordered the driver out.

"This is going to be too dangerous a ride for you, Buddy," he shouted back to the cab driver as he pulled away from the curb. The G-Man pushed the accelerator down to the floor. The cab swerved and dodged in and out of the way of cars as it raced along. Slowly Sand saw himself gaining on the black car. The limousine appeared to be getting bigger and bigger as the cab kept getting closer to it. Suddenly the black car slowed down a bit and swerved sharply to the left. The G-Man jammed his foot on the brake. The car screeched and whirled from left to right as it crashed into the limousine.

The cab, from the force of the impact, rolled over and landed on its wheels. The G-Man, jarred but unhurt, dashed out in time to see Sanko crawl from the wreckage of the black sedan. The killer gripped an ugly looking automatic in one hand and in the other held the black bag which contained the bank loot. As Sanko spotted the G-Man he whirled about, his lips curled in a disdainful sneer, and fired point blank at the Federal man. Sand, trained for just such emergencies, lunged to one side at the same time whipping out his own gun. The bullet whistled past his ear. Sanko fired again. The force of the bullet striking the Federal man's shoulder whirled him around. Even as he whirled, the G-Man's gun barked twice. With a cry of pain on his lips, the killer clutched at his stomach and slumped to the pavement.

The following day in a private room at the local hospital, the district Chief of the F. B. I. stood smiling over the bedside of the wounded Investigator Sand. The Chief gripped Sand's hand in his and said, "Sanko confessed about his men getting you drunk. He also confessed to the bank robbery before he died. The girl and the other gunmen are locked up. Looks like you rounded them all up, Sand. I guess you won't have to go to Washington to turn in your badge, after all."

STORY BY
GEORGE NAGLE

DEVILS of the DEEP

RED DUGAN, VICIOUS
CAPTAIN OF A PIRATE SHIP,
FORCES DR. CARDI TO CREATE
A MONSTER TO HELP HIM BECOME
MASTER OF THE HIGH SEAS

by E. M. ASHE

THEY OUGHT TO BE
HERE BY NOW.

IN THE HIDE-OUT
OF SPIKE WOOD,
LEADER OF A
PIRATE GANG.

HERE HE IS
BOSS-AND A
GREAT SNATCH
JOB, EH?

NICE WORK, BOYS!
TAKE OFF THE GAG!

HIS MOBSTERS BRING
IN RED DUGAN, CHIEF
OF A RIVAL GANG.

THERE AIN'T ROOM
ENOUGH ON THE
SEAS FOR TWO
PIRATE GANGS, RED!

YEAH?- AND
WHATCHA GONNA DO?

WELL, IN THE OLD
DAYS IT USED TO
BE A RIDE - NOW
IT'S A SAIL!

HA-HA!
SMART GUY
OUR BOSS!

AT SPIKE'S ORDER
TWO THUGS FORCE
RED DUGAN TO
LEAVE WITH THEM.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS-TAKE
'EM OUT! GOOD BYE, RED!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

THE THUGS TAKE RED TO A DOCK WHERE A SMALL BOAT IS MOORED

ALL RIGHT, RED-
GET IN!

SHALL WE SING "OVER
THE BOUNDING MAIN?"

THEY FORCE RED INTO THE BOAT,
THEN HEAD FOR THE OPEN SEA!

O.K. JOE, GUESS IT'S
DEEP ENOUGH OUT
HERE!

ALL RIGHT!
GET UP, RED!

WHEN THEY REACHED DEEP WATER THE MOBSTERS
MADE READY TO HURL RED OVERBOARD. BUT RED
HAD SECRETLY FREED HIS HANDS AND.....

...AS THE BOAT SURGED IN THE SWELL,
RED LUNGED FORWARD AND WITH
A TERRIFIC BLOW KNOCKED THE
GUN FROM THE THUG'S HAND.

WONDER WHAT SPIKE'LL
SAY WHEN YOU BOYS
DON'T COME BACK?

QUICK AS A FLASH, RED
TOSSSED BOTH MOBSTERS
INTO THE WATER.

SPIKE'LL FEEL MY
REVENGE NOW! I'LL
GET HOME AND OUT
OF SIGHT AWHILE!

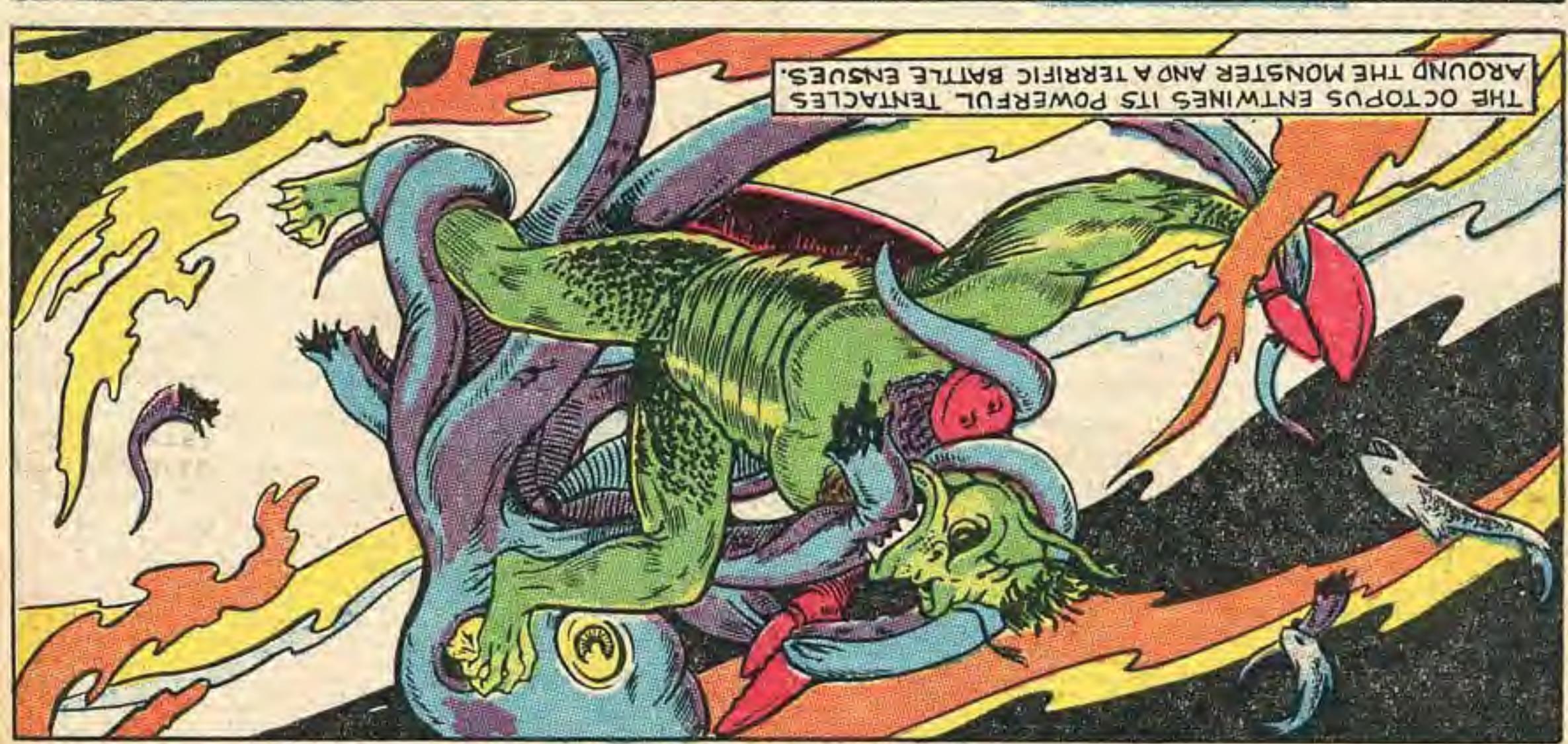
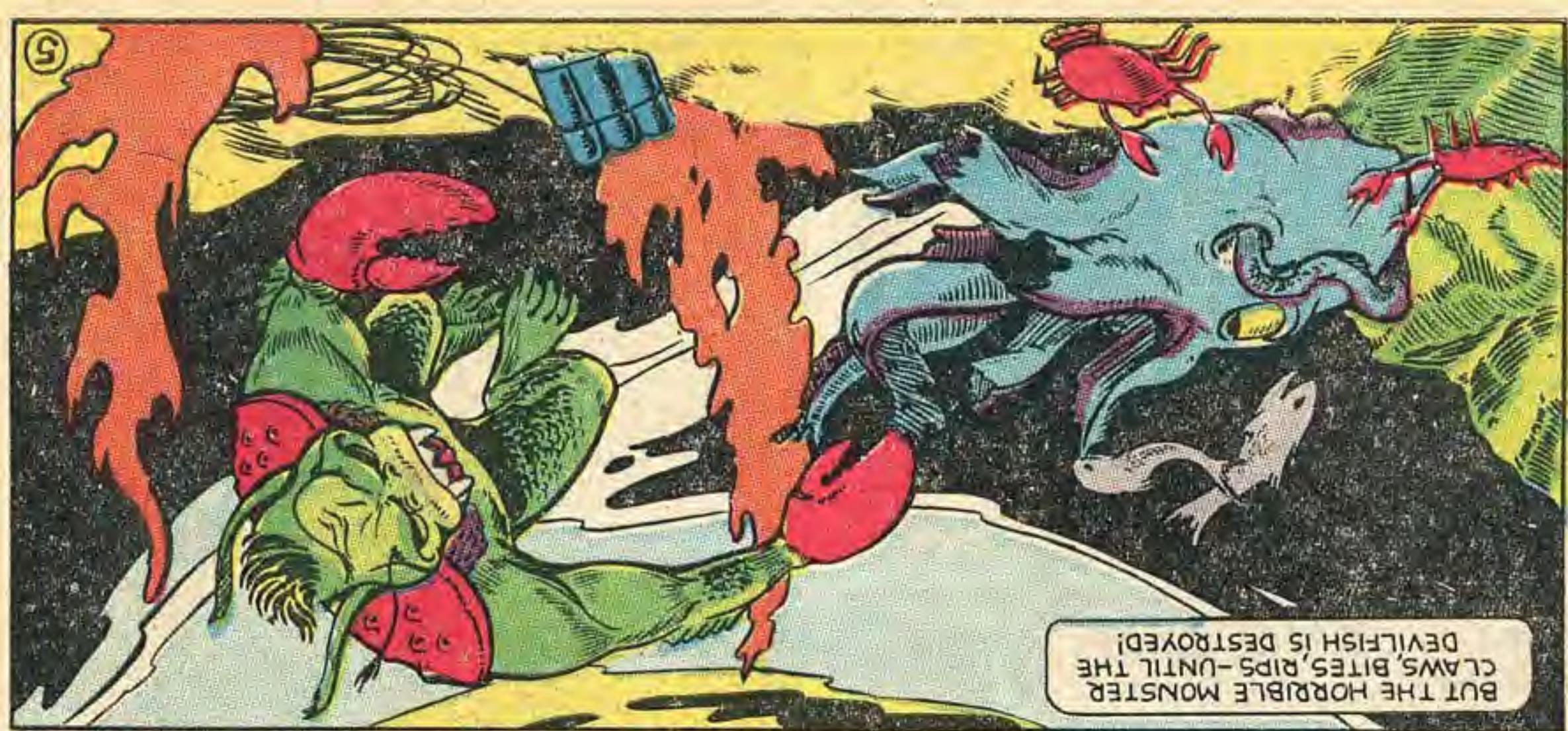
UPON
REACHING SHORE,
RED IMMEDIATELY
WENT TO HIS HOTEL
ROOM. WHILE PACING
UP AND DOWN LIKE
A CAGED TIGER.
PLOTTING REVENGE
ON SPIKE WOOD,
RED'S EYES LIT
ON THE LITTLE
MOVIE ACROSS
THE STREET. HE
WAS ATTRACTED
BY THE TITLE OF THE
MOVIE... "THE MAD
MARTIAN". AND
WENT INTO THE
THEATRE TO SEE
THE PICTURE.

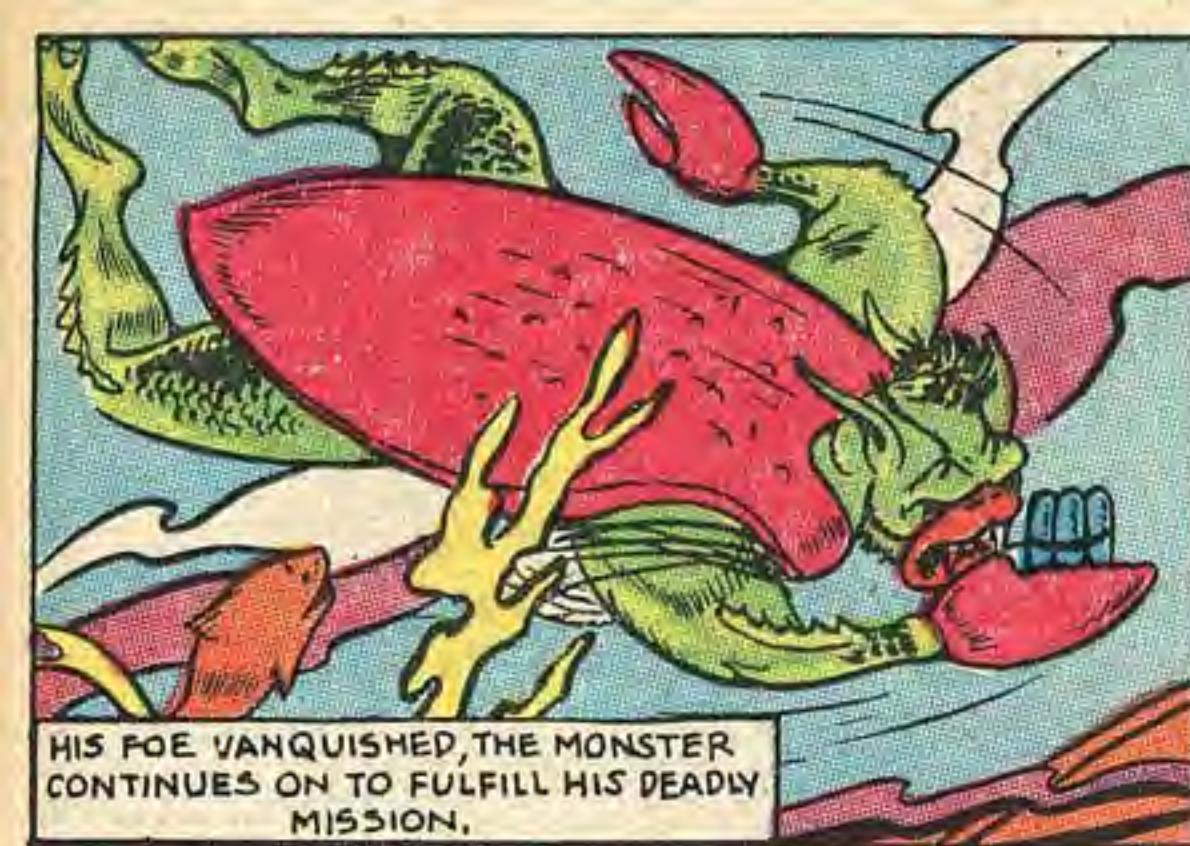
THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA! -AND
IF IT WORKS--
OH BOY!

NOW PLAYING
MAD MARTIAN









HIS FOE VANQUISHED, THE MONSTER CONTINUES ON TO FULFILL HIS DEADLY MISSION.



THE DYNAMITE IS TIED TO THE PROPELLER OF SPIKE'S SHIP.



HIS MISSION COMPLETED, THE MONSTER RETURNS TO HIS MASTER.



ABOARD SPIKE'S SHIP-



EVEN AS THEY SPEAK, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OCCURS AND DAVY JONES CLAIMS SPIKE WOOD AND HIS HENCHMEN. RED DUGAN'S REVENGE IS COMPLETE.



WITH THE MOST VICIOUS MONSTER EVER KNOWN READY TO OBEY HIS COMMANDS, RED IS THE POSSESSER OF THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE KNOWN TO MANKIND. BUT WILL DR. CARDO REMAIN SILENT?

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF DEVILS OF THE DEEP!

Secret ASSIGNMENTS

"THE LOST SHIP"



G. PARKER HALSEY, WORLD FINANCIER AND TRADER, ONCE AGAIN SUMMONS HIS YOUNG AND VENTUROUS NEPHEW, JACK STRONG

LOOK--THREE CARGO BOATS ON OUR SOUTH AMERICAN LINE -- SUNK WITHOUT A TRACE, NOT EVEN AN S.O.S."

MORE MAY VANISH ANY MOMENT -- I WANT YOU TO STOP IT'

I'M ON MY WAY, UNCLE!



WITHIN THE HOUR, JACK STRONG TAKES OFF IN HIS POWERFUL AMPHIBIAN PLANE



SOUTHWARD HE WINGS ALONG THE ROUTE OF HALSEY STEAMERS, SEEKING FOR A CLUE



THEN, FAR BELOW, HE SPIES -

HEY!

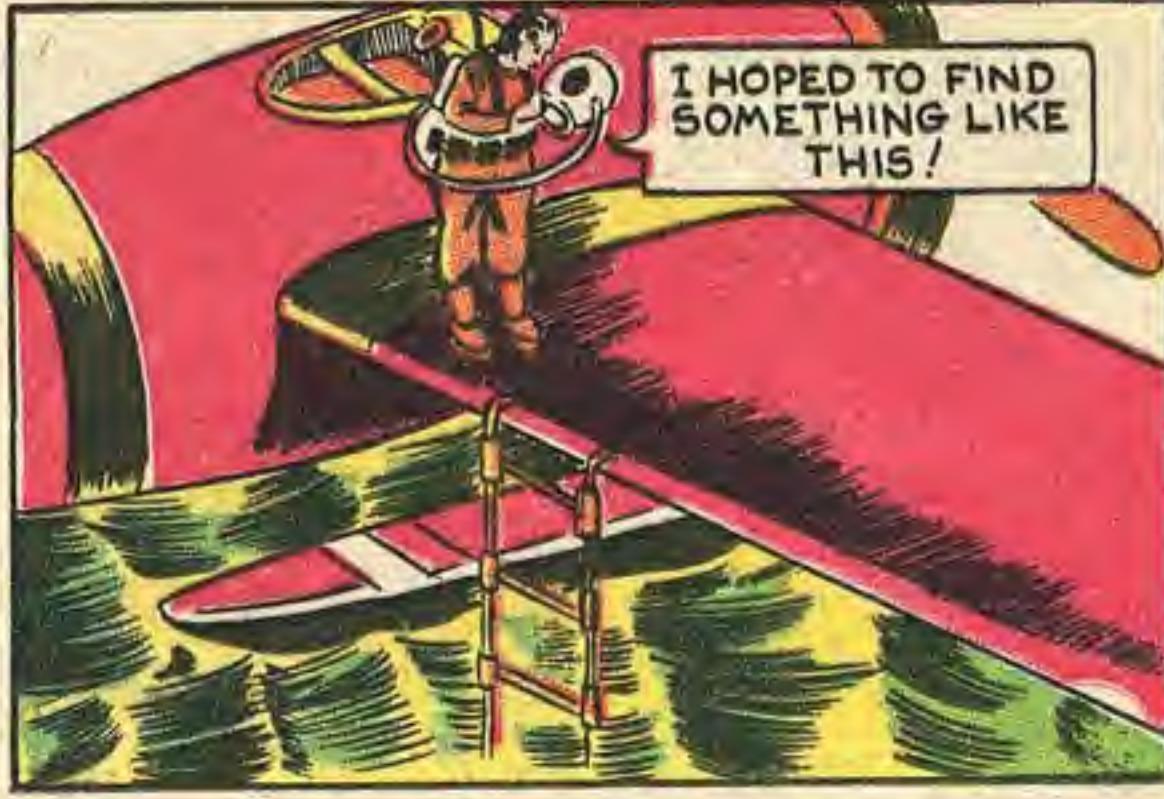


THE WRECK--VISIBLE THROUGH MANY FATHOMS WHEN SEEN FROM SO GREAT A HEIGHT!

JACK DROPS HIS SHIP TO THE OCEAN SURFACE, ABOVE THE WRECK.



I HOPED TO FIND SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



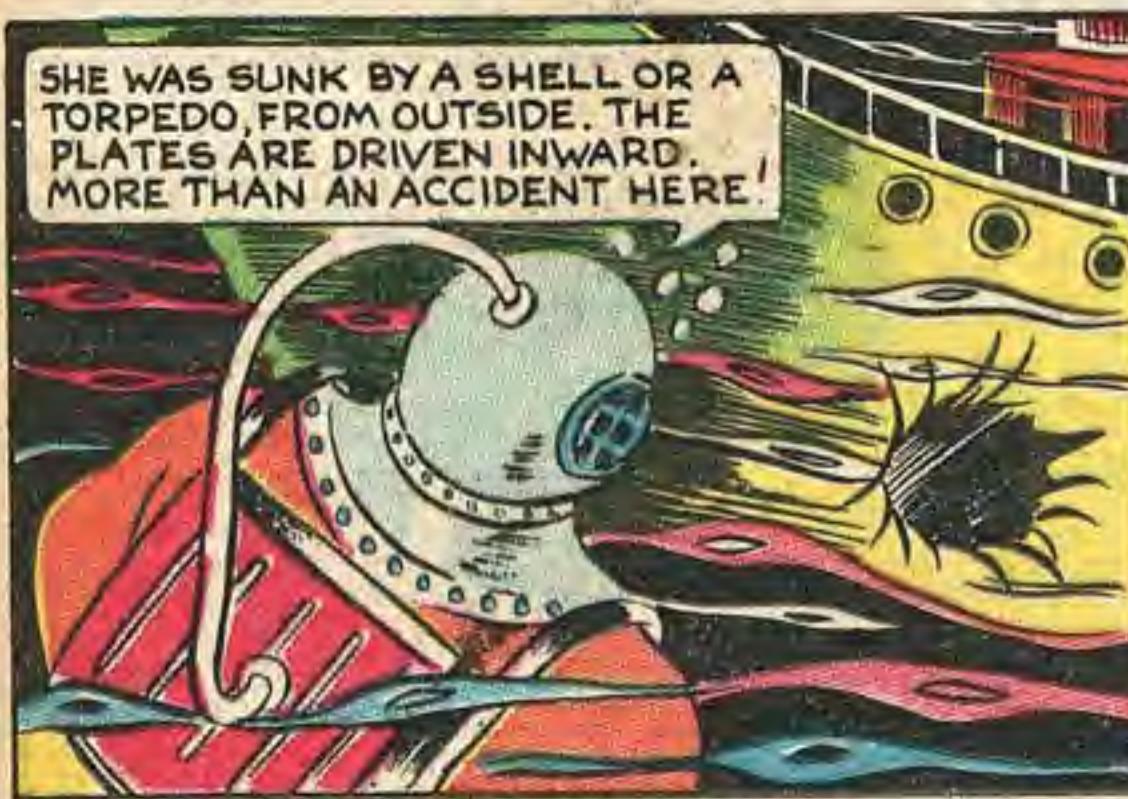
AND I'M JUST ABOVE THE WRECK!



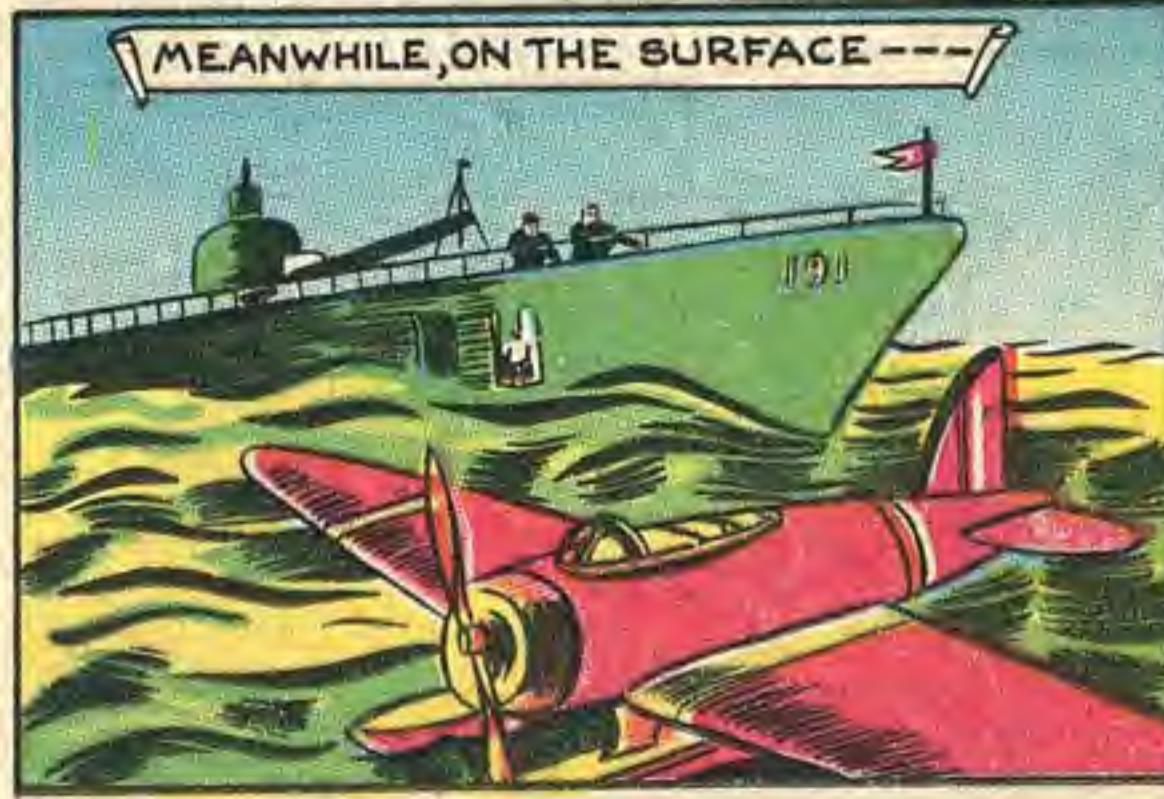
NO SIGN OF SAILORS' BODIES -- YET NO RECORD OF ANY SURVIVORS!



SHE WAS SUNK BY A SHELL OR A TORPEDO, FROM OUTSIDE. THE PLATES ARE DRIVEN INWARD. MORE THAN AN ACCIDENT HERE!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE ---



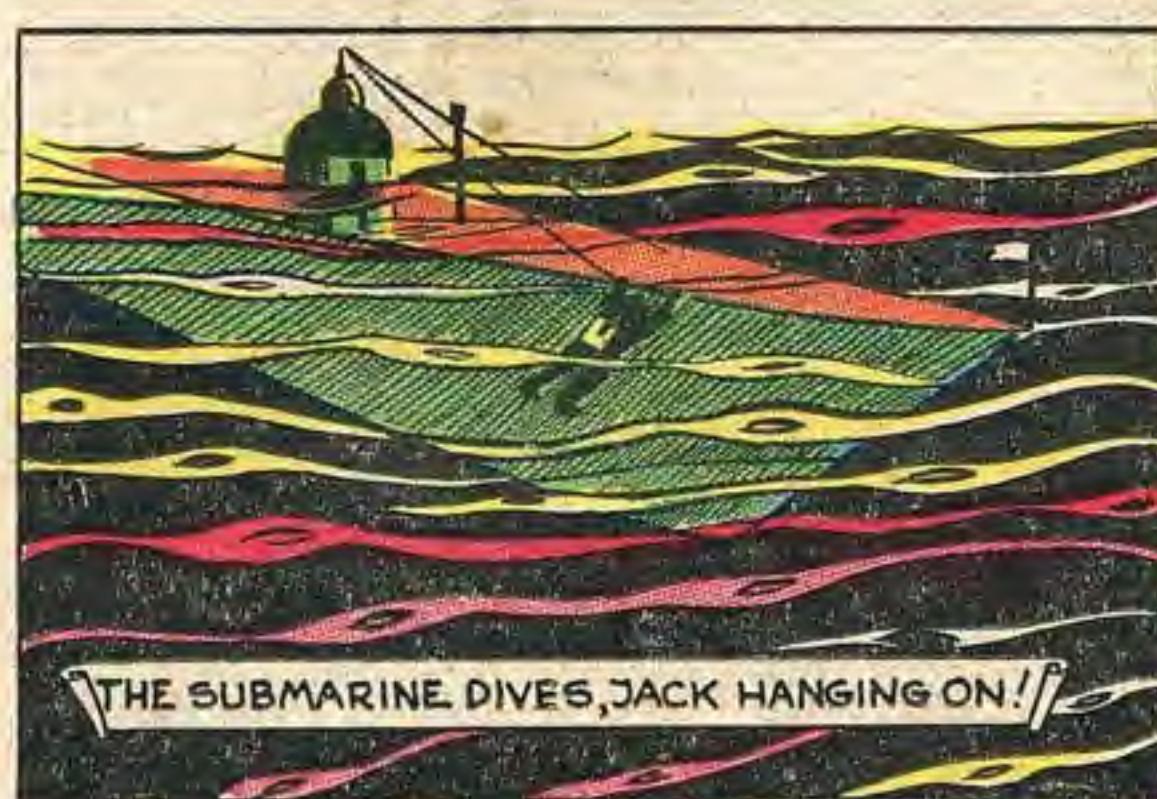
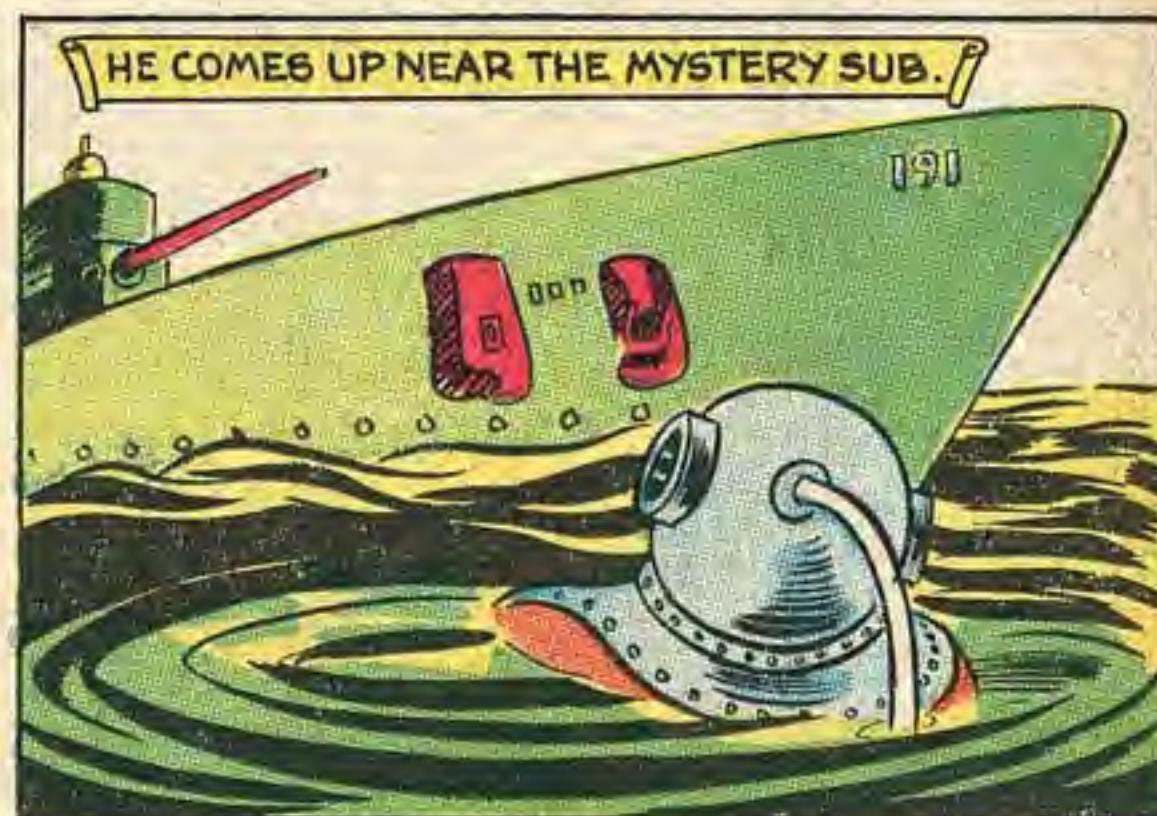
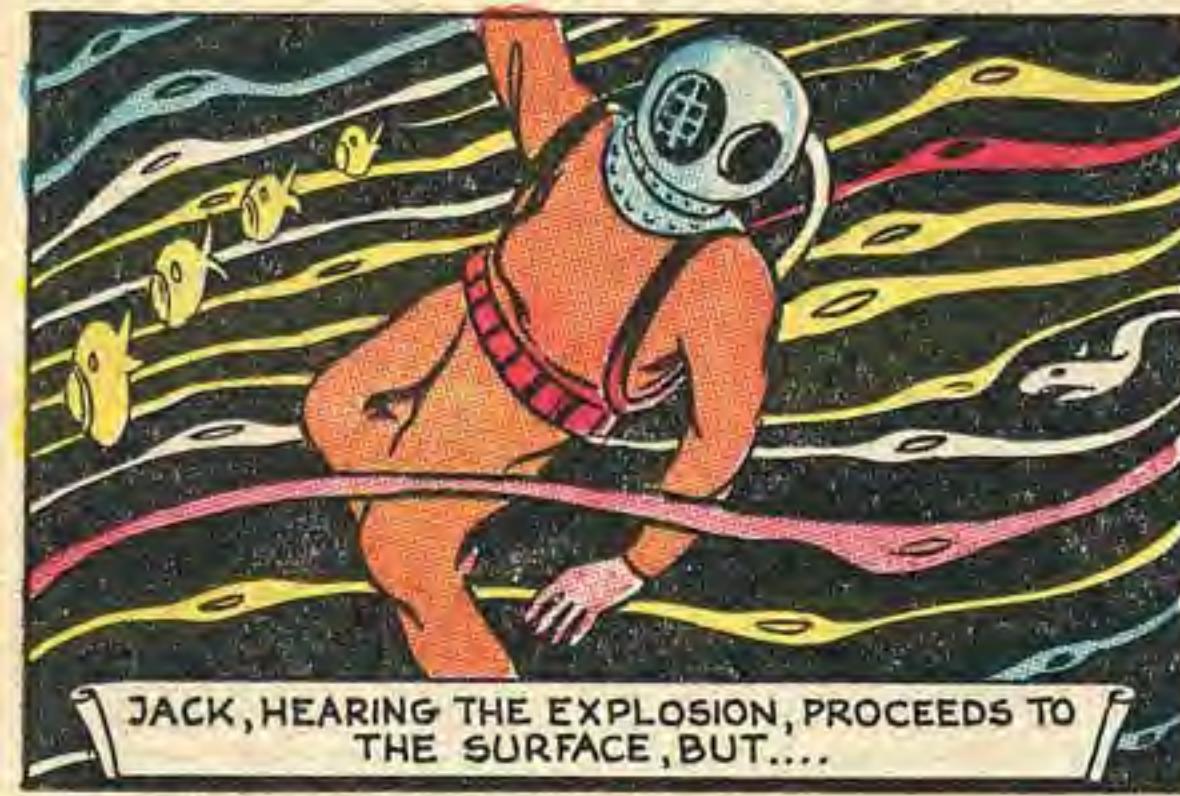
WHAT PLANE IS THAT? GIVE IT A SHELL!



A HOSTILE SUBMARINE MAKES AN APPEARANCE.

AND JACK'S PLANE IS BLOWN TO BITS!





THE SUBMARINE RISES TO THE SURFACE--
BUT IN A GLOOMY GROTTO!



ALL WELL--WE SMASHED
THE INVESTIGATOR'S PLANE!



JACK STEALTHILY FOLLOWS THE
MYSTERIOUS CREW.



YOU SAY YOU BLEW
UP AN AIRPLANE?

YES, UNDOUBTEDLY AN
INVESTIGATOR! THEY'RE
TRAILING US!



BUT THEY'LL NEVER FIND THIS
SECRET HIDEOUT--OR LEARN
THE REASON FOR OUR ATTACK!



WE'LL CRIPPLE HALSEY'S
FLEET--THEN WE'LL GET
THE CONTRACT!



BUT IF THEY SHOULD
GAIN A CLUE TO
THIS HIDEOUT?

WE COULD DEFEND IT--AND
WE HOLD THE CREWS OF THE
SUNKEN SHIPS AS HOSTAGES!

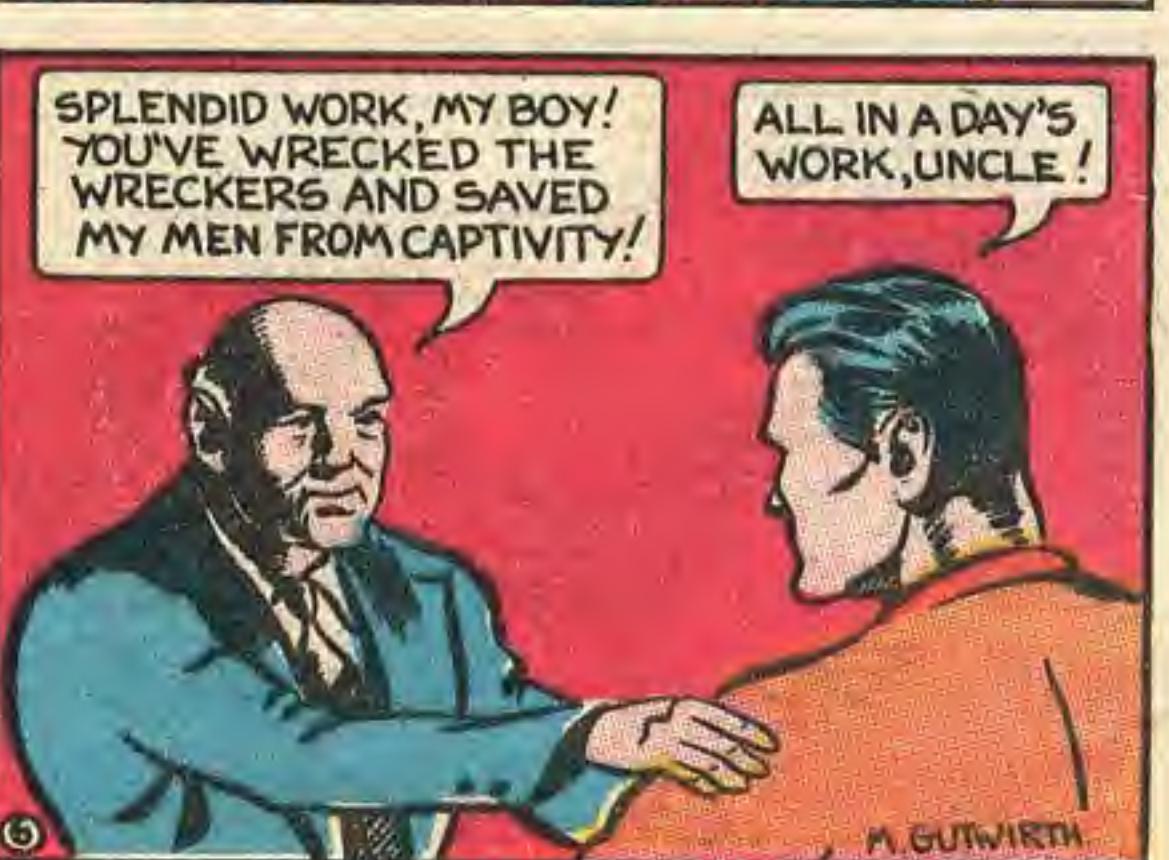
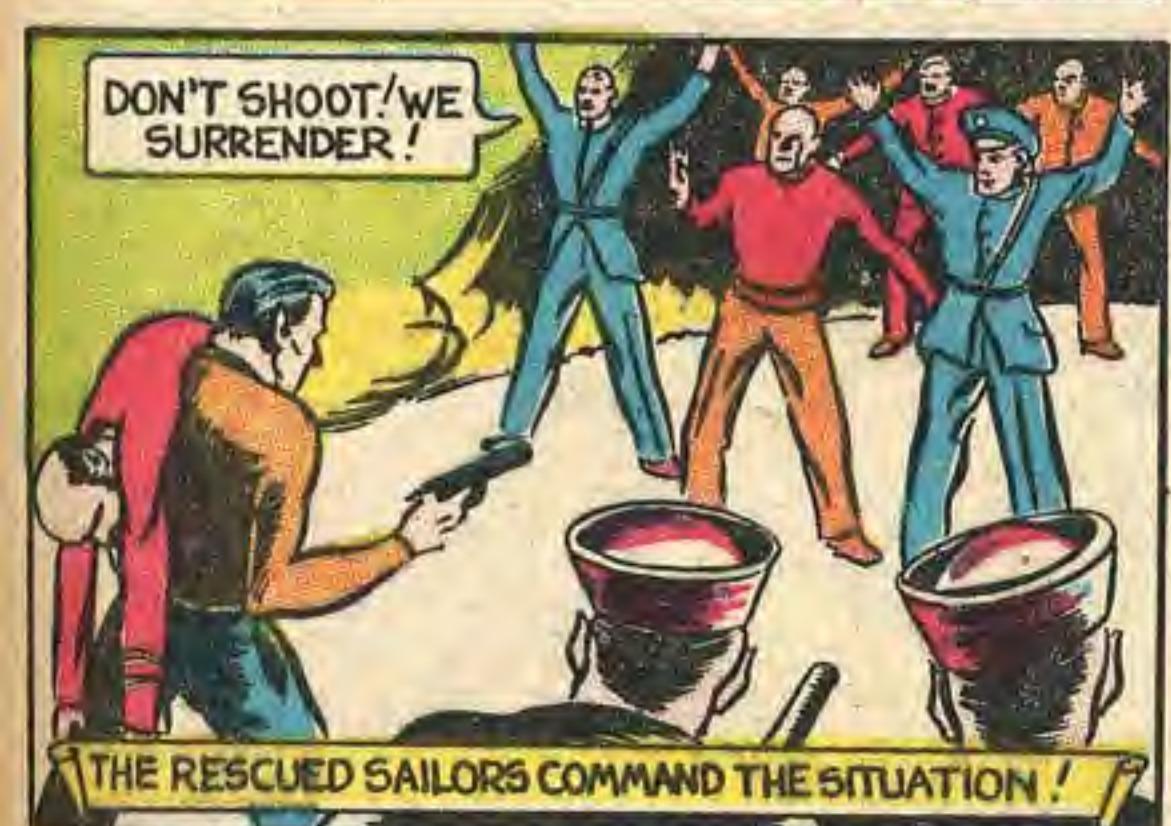


I'VE GOT TO
WORK FAST!

JACK DOES NOT WAIT TO HEAR
MORE. HE DASHES THROUGH
THE CAVES IN AN ATTEMPT TO
FIND THE CREWS OF THE
SUNKEN SHIP!







BOB PHANTOM

THE SCOURGE
OF THE UNDERWORLD

IRVING NOVICK



NO, THERE'S NO STORY OF THE ROBBERY IN THE PAPER. LISTEN, HANK, YOU DO THAT JOB TONIGHT!

OKAY, BOSS!

LATER-HANK IS BREAKING INTO THE VAN HALTER MANSION.

HUR! I GUESS TIM GOT COLD FEET!

YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!

IT'S BOB PHANTOM!

SUDDENLY THE PHANTOM APPEARS.

THIS IS YOUR LAST JOB!

H-HELP!

C'MON, WE'RE GOING PLACES!

THE THUGS WONDER AT HANK'S DISAPPEARANCE

SURE IS SPOOKY!

THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOIN' ON HERE-HANK DIDN'T COME BACK EITHER!

SNAKY SIMMS FORMULATES A PLAN TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MEN.

LISTEN-JOE AND SLUG WILL START OUT TONIGHT, AN' RED AND BILL WILL FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THE MOBSTERS FOLLOW OUT SNAKY'S ORDERS.

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HANK AND TIM?

I DON'T KNOW! I'M KEEPIN' MY GUN HANDY!

FROM OUT OF NOWHERE COMES BOB PHANTOM.

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR LEAD, PUNKS!

IT'S - IT'S A SPOOK!

-HOPE I'M NOT TOO ROUGH, BOYS!

OOO-OO-FFF!



ONCE AGAIN, BOB PHANTOM TAKES THE HOODLUMS IN HIS MIGHTY GRASP AND WHISK THEM AWAY.



AMAZED AT THE SIGHT OF BOB PHANTOM, THE OTHER TWO THUGS FLEE IN TERROR.



THE THUGS RETURN TO THEIR HIDEOUT AND TELL SIMM'S WHAT THEY SAW.

AN' HE WHISKED THEM AWAY!

WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU POLISH HIM OFF?



ENRAGED, SIMM'S TURNS ON HIS OWN MEN.

SOMEBODY IS SQUEALIN' OUR PLANS TO HIM. SURE IT AIN'T YOU?

HONEST, BOSS - IT AIN'T ME!

MAYBE IT'S YOU, HUH?



OK, YOU GUYS! TOMORROW'S THE DAY FOR THE PAYROLL STICKUP! I WANT YOU ALL TO GO AND MAKE SURE YOU BRING BACK THE DOUGH!

THE APPOINTED HOUR, THE MOBSTERS STAGE THE DARING PAYROLL ROBBERY.

WE'LL TAKE THAT DOUGH!

GET 'EM UP!



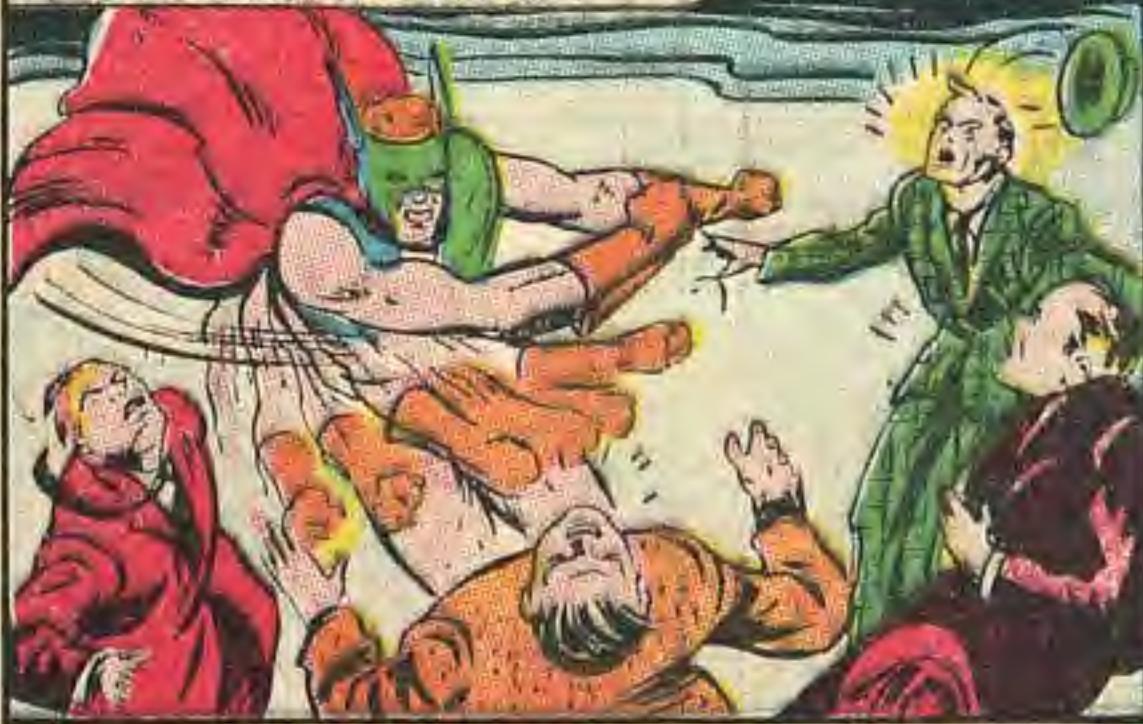
BUT AT THAT MOMENT BOB PHANTOM SWOOPS INTO VIEW.

NO YOU WON'T!

IT'S THE SPOOK!



WITH HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS, HE GOES INTO ACTION!



AFTER A SHORT BUT FIERCE BATTLE, BOB PHANTOM WHIPS ALL THE THUGS HE GATHERS THEM UP LIKE SACKS AND ZOOMS INTO THE AIR.



WUXTRY-READ ALL ABOUT THE BIG HOLDUP!!

GIMME ONE, BOY!



AN EXTRA IS ON THE STREET. SNAKY SIMMS RUSHES UP TO A NEWSBOY AND BUYS ONE.

— THE GLOBE —
PAYROLL ROBBERY-FOILED BY PHANTOM

FOUR THUGS BEATEN, AND
CARRIED AWAY INTO THIN AIR.

LETTUCE
WITH HAM

AS SIMMS PACES THE FLOOR, HE HEARS SOUNDS COMING FROM THE CELLAR.

BOB PHANTOM AGAIN! WHY, I'LL-WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



GUN IN HAND SNAKY SNEAKS DOWN THE CELLAR.

IF THEM'S COPS,
I'LL BLAST 'EM
WIDE OPEN!

TO HIS AMAZEMENT, SIMMS FINDS ALL HIS
OWN MEN TIED AND GAGGED IN THE CELLAR.

HEY-WHAT
DO YA CALL
THIS?

HOW'D YA
GET HERE?

BOB PHANTOM-
HE BROUGHT US
ALL HERE! I'M
SCRAMMIN'!

YOU GUYS ARE
YELLOW! WHY IF
I COULD GET MY
HANDS ON BOB
PHANTOM, I'D-!

AT THAT MOMENT, BOB PHANTOM APPEARS.

WHAT WOULD
YOU DO, SNAKY?

I'LL BLAST YA
WIDE OPEN YA
SPOOK!

OH,
YEAH?

BOB PHANTOM DOWNS HIS
MAN WITH A FLYING TACKLE.

WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, BOB PHANTOM LIFTS
THE GANG CHIEF AND FLINGS HIM AGAINST
THE WALL.



THE GANGSTERS, THOROUGHLY WHIPPED, ENTER THE POLICE STATION TO PAY THEIR DEBT TO SOCIETY.



WATCH BOB PHANTOM CLEAN OUT ANOTHER NEST OF HOODLUMS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

CRIME ON THE RUN



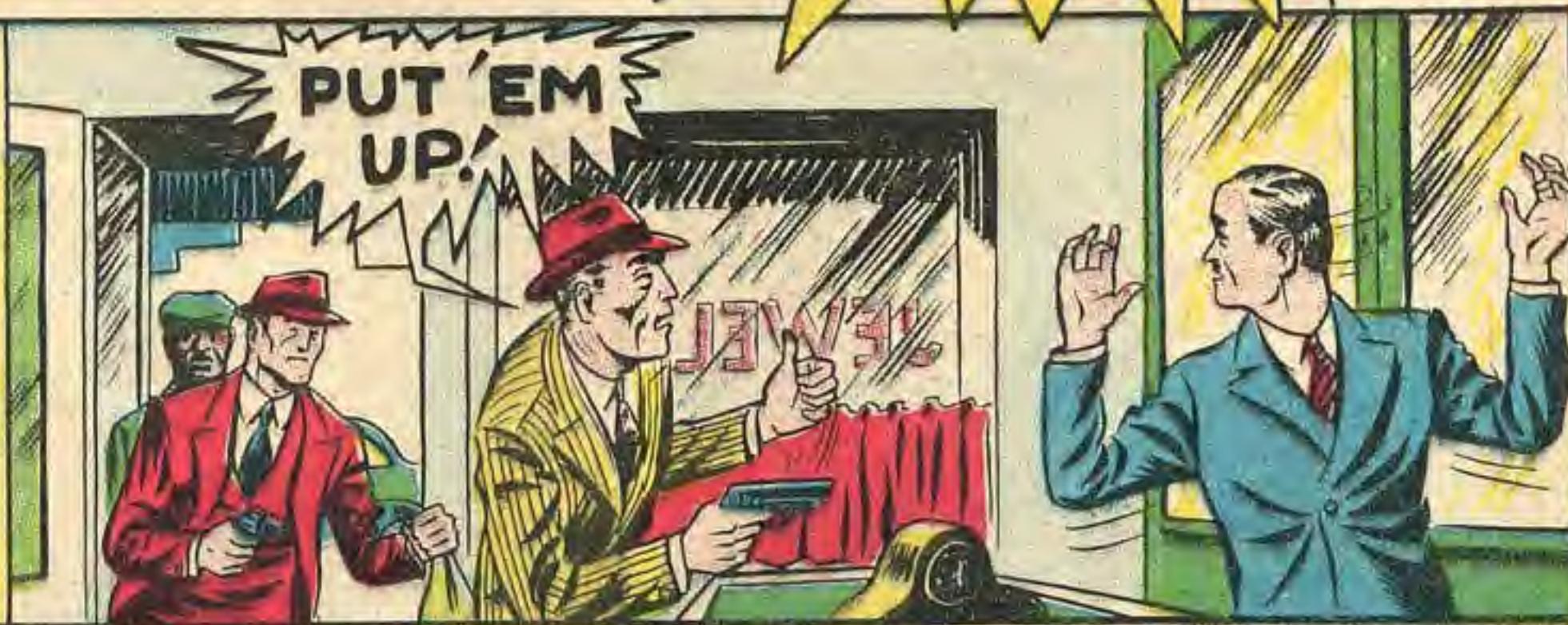
TRUE STORIES
OF CRIME No. 2

by JACK COLE

THE LOS ANGELES KILLERS

A TRUE STORY OF A
GANG OF DESPERADOS
WHOSE DEADLY DEEDS
WERE ENDED ONLY
AFTER LIVES OF INNO-
CENT CITIZENS WERE
SACRIFICED.

ON JULY 23,
1932, THREE
BANDITS
ENTERED
BRODER'S
JEWELERY
STORE AT
768 SOUTH
VERMONT
STREET, LOS
ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA.



WHILE THE
MEN WERE
LOOTING THE
SHOW-CASES,
A CUSTOMER
ENTERED,
AND, SEEING
WHAT WAS
HAPPENING,
TURNED TO
LEAVE THE
STORE...



COME ON
LET'S GO!

BUT ON
THEIR WAY
OUT, ONE
OF THE
BANDITS
DROPPED
HIS LOOT
BAG ON
THE FLOOR
OF THE
STORE.

POLICE
ARRIVED
ON THE
SCENE
SOON
AFTER-
WARDS

DEAD! AN INNOCENT,
DEFENSELESS OLD
MAN KILLED BY GOLD-
THIRSTY DOGS!!

LOOK, RAINY -THEY
MUST HAVE DROPPED
THIS BAG! LOOKS
LIKE A PILLOW CASE!

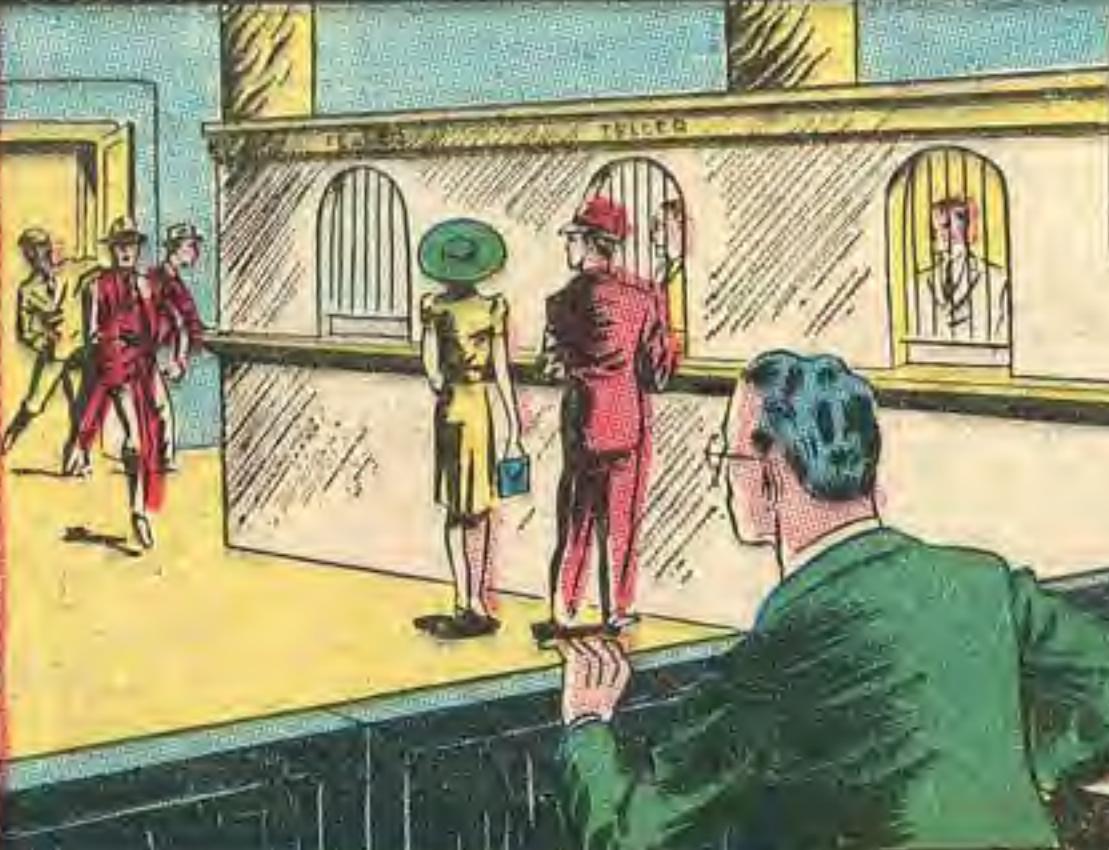
TAKE IT DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS
AND HAVE IT
EXAMINED WHILE
I GO OVER THESE
SHOWCASES FOR
FINGERPRINTS!

SEVERAL
FINGER-
PRINTS
WERE DIS-
COVERED,
BUT THE
POLICE
WERE UN-
ABLE TO
MATCH ANY
WITH THOSE
OF KNOWN
CRIMINALS.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
UP A TREE FOR THE
TIME BEING, UNLESS
SOMETHING BREAKS.

AND IT DID
BREAK! AT 1:21 PM,
AUGUST 24, LESTER DROLL,
MANAGER OF A BANK ON S.
BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES,
WAS TALKING ON THE TELE-
PHONE WHEN-

I CAN'T TALK ANY
MORE, JIM - THERE'S
A STICK-UP! CALL
THE POLICE. WILL YOU?



LINE UP, EVERYONE—
AND NO FUNNY STUFF.
ALL-RIGHT, BOYS.—GET
THE CASH QUICK!

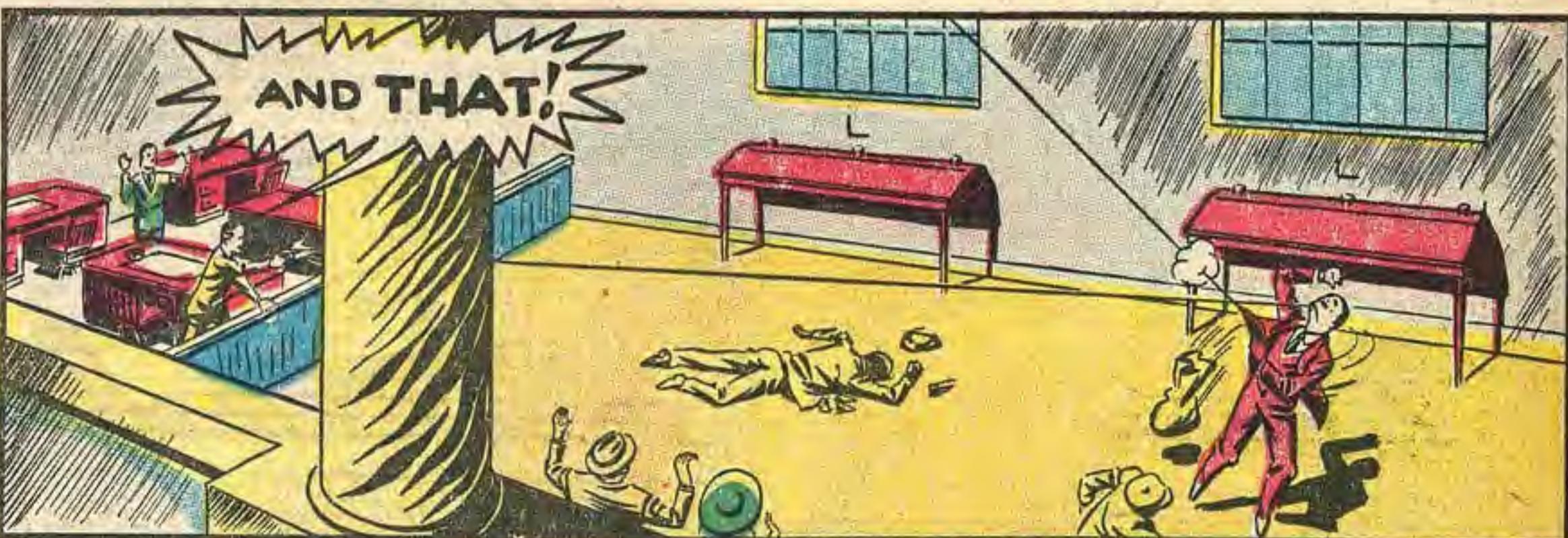
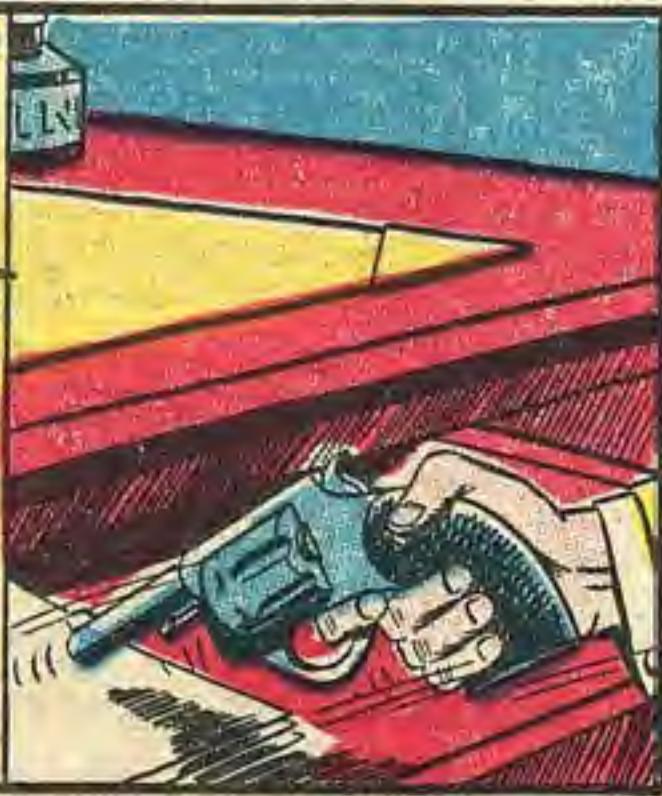


STUFFING
MONEY IN-
TO THEIR
POCKETS
AND BAGS,
THE BANDITS
BEGAN TO
LEAVE, WHEN
THE NEGRO
THUG SHOT
ONE OF THE
BANK-TELL-
ERS—

JUST A
SOUVENIR.



A WANTON AND
UNNECESSARY
SHOOTING! THIS
ENRAGED THE
BANK-MANAGER.
BEYOND CONTROL,
HIS OWN FRIEND
SHOT DOWN IN
COLD BLOOD!
SUDDENLY HE
JERKED HIS DESK
DRAWER OPEN
AND—



DESERT-
ING THEIR
COMPANIONS
THE OTHER
TWO BANDITS
JUMPED IN-
TO A WAIT-
ING CAR AND
STARTED
DOWN THE
STREET.
DROLL
KEPT FIRING!



TEARING UP BROADWAY, THEY CAME TO 75TH ST. SUDDENLY-

WATCH OUT-FOOL!

CRASH!

WHEW!! OH!! BACK UP AND GET GOING!

THE THREE BANDITS ESCAPED.-SOON POLICE AND DETECTIVES OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, FINGER-PRINT MEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE

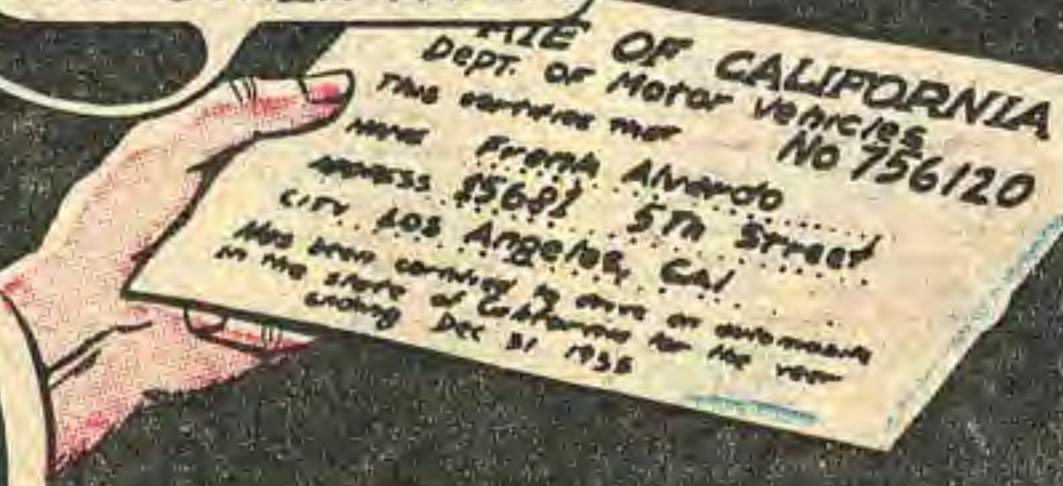
BOTH DEADER'N DOOR-NAILS! MR DROLL, YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR SUCH A COURAGEOUS DEED!

THE INJURED BANK-TELLER WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL.

POLICE THEN SEARCHED THE POCKETS OF THE SLAIN MEN

HERE'S AN AUTO REGISTRATION CARD FROM ONE, AND A SLIP OF PAPER FROM THE NEGRO'S POCKET

HMMM! FRANK ALVARADO!-OWNS A FORD!-LET'S SEE THE OTHER PAPER.



WE'LL CHECK THE ADDRESSES AND SEE WHAT TURNS UP.

Harvey Saunders
1254 1/2 E. 23 St.
Los Angeles

HERE'S A PILLOW-SLIP THEY LEFT, SIR!-IS IT WORTH ANYTHING AS A POSSIBLE CLUE?

IS IT?! WHY, THIS MEANS THAT THE THUGS ARE THE SAME ONES WHO KILLED THAT OLD MAN LAST MONTH!

THE PILLOW SLIP WAS COMPARED WITH THE ONE FOUND AT THE BRODER STORE. BOTH WERE OF THE SAME MATERIAL AND STYLE! THE JEWELER IDENTIFIED BOTH DEAD BANDITS AS TWO OF THE BANDITS WHO HAD ROBBED HIM, BUT THE LEADER WAS STILL AT LARGE. - A GREAT MANHUNT ENSUED!

WE CHECKED UP ON THE TWO ADDRESSES, CHIEF, AND FOUND THAT THE BANDIT'S FAMILIES ARE ABSOLUTELY INNOCENT.

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING OF THE THUG'S ASSOCIATES?

THE NEGRO'S HALF BROTHER SAID HE HAD ASSOCIATED WITH A MAN KNOWN AS "YORKIE".

IT'S ONLY A SLIM CHANCE, BUT BRING THE BROTHER IN!

WHEREUPON, ALL PICTURES OF MEN NAMED "YORKEY", "YORKEE", "YORK", "YORKS" ETC. WERE SHOWN TO THE SLAIN NEGRO'S HALF BROTHER. HE PICKED ONE OUT

THAT'S HIM I'M SURE!

ROBERT YORK - A THREE-TIME LOSER - NOW WHERE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

ANOTHER CLUE CAME UP WHEN THE OTHER DEAD BANDIT, FRANK ALVARADO WAS SAID BY HIS BROTHER TO HAVE GONE TO A HOTEL WITH A MAN CALLED "GEORGE" ONCE! DETECTIVES WENT TO THE HOTEL -

WE'RE FROM HEADQUARTERS. LET'S LOOK AT YOUR REGISTER!

HERE IT IS! FRANK ALVARADO AND GEO. TURCOTT!

IS TURCOTT STILL HERE?

NO! - HE CHECKED OUT!

REGISTER BOOK

Mr. ...
Mr. ...
G. ...
Frank Alvarado
Geo. Turcott

HOTEL RULES

THE DETECTIVES RETURNED TO HEADQUARTERS.

THAT NIGHT, DETECTIVE RAINY, WHILE DRIVING AROUND TOWN, SUDDENLY SPOKE TO HIS COMPANION:—

“I’VE GOT A HUNCH, DANE! — WE’RE GOING BACK TO THAT HOTEL AGAIN!”

“I THINK YOU’RE CRAZY, BUT GO AHEAD!”

CAN WE SEE YOUR BOOK AGAIN?

“LOOK! THESE NAMES ARE DIFFERENT, BUT THE WRITING IS THAT OF GEORGE TURCOTT!”

GOING UP TO THE ROOM OF THE TWO MEN, RAINY KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. IT SOON OPENED.

KEEP ‘EM UP YORK!

INSIDE, GEORGE TURCOTT REACHED FOR HIS GUN —

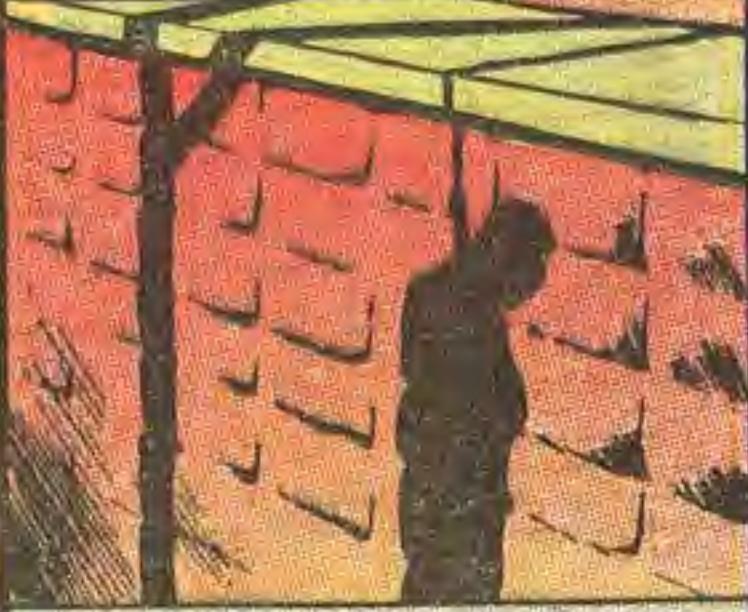


THE THUGS ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

“WELL, THAT ABOUT FINISHES THE JOB.”

“WHAT A HUNCH THAT WAS!”

THE REMAINING BANDITS, WHOSE NAMES WERE FOUND TO BE HAROLD LAMAY AND HOMER ROGERS, WERE SOON CAPTURED.—GEO. TURCOTT AND HOMER ROGERS WERE CONVICTED OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER AND SENTENCED TO LIFE-IMPRISONMENT.—HAROLD LAMAY RECEIVED A FOURTEEN YEAR-TO-LIFE SENTENCE IN FOLSOM PENITENTIARY. ROBERT YORK WAS EXECUTED AT SAN QUENTIN—HIS REWARD FOR MURDER. ONCE AGAIN LAW CONQUERED CRIME AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO UNTIL CRIMINALS LEARN THAT THE STRAIGHT WAY IS THE BEST WAY!



NOTE: NAMES OF PEOPLE OTHER THAN CRIMINALS INVOLVED ARE FICTIONAL TO PROTECT INNOCENT CITIZENS.

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HERE'S your chance to win a brand new crisp \$5.00 bill, and ten new \$1.00 bills.

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A prize of \$5.00 will be awarded to the lucky boy or girl who sends in the best letter, and WE WILL AWARD \$1.00 FOR EACH OF THE NEXT TEN BEST LETTERS. Rush your letter in now! This contest closes midnight of January 10, 1940.

The decision of the Judges will be final and all letters remain the property of the publisher. The names of the winners will be announced in the pages of this magazine.

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CONTEST EDITOR, Room 315

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